The Listener

and

B.B.C. Television Review

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The Future of the French Republic
By Dorothy Pickles

The Mask and the Face
By Naomi Lewis

R. H. Tawney
By Maurice Shock

Soviet Theory of Revolution
By Walter Kolarz

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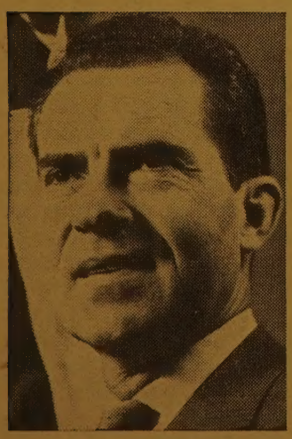
A Close Fight for the U.S. Presidency?

By GERALD PRIESTLAND, B.B.C. special correspondent



Vice-President Richard Nixon

A SPELL among the fluorescent political bumper stickers gummed on to Washington's traffic has reminded me that November's elections are not just for President and Vice-President, but for all 437 seats in the House of Representatives, thirty-four out of one hundred in the Senate, and twenty-seven out of the fifty State Governorships.

It is a safe bet that, in these last three fields, the Democrats will keep their majorities, so perhaps this is also the time to start recalling that Americans will not, in fact, be able to vote for Kennedy or Nixon at all. What they will do is to vote for a Republican or Democratic list of electors to represent each State. Even these electors will not carry out the Presidential vote until December 19, and those votes will not be officially counted by Congress until January 6, so if you want to be really accurate, you can insist that there is still more than a month to go until the Presidential elections, and more than two months until the result. What will be learnt on November 9 is that each candidate has so many popular votes and has carried so many States with so many electors. The electoral votes are what count in the end, and the magic number, a majority, is 269.

There are at least three different elections going on at once in the United States. They are superimposed, but surprisingly independent of each other. On the ground floor are those for State and local office, on the next are those for the Congress, on the top the election for the White House. More often than not those labouring on one level object to the uproar being made and the money being wasted by the people upstairs. A Governor may be consolidating his position nicely through the intelligent use of patronage; a Congressman may be gathering up the rewards for those obliging little bills that he sponsored. Both are resentful when the Presidential candidate sweeps through, distracting the voters with talk of foreign affairs and civil rights.

Senator John Kennedy

Eventually, of course, the Congressmen and the President will end up in Washington together, trying to run the country; and it can be argued, as *The New York Times* has just done in Mr. Kennedy's favour, that they will do so more effectively if they are of the same party. But, as a matter of history, whether they call themselves Democrats or Republicans matters less than whether they behave as Liberals or Conservatives; and this is something you do not discover until after the elections. It is debatable how much effect the Presidential campaign has on the Congressional or vice versa.

In one constituency I visited last week the Congressman was up for a fifth term, standing on his record of personal service. He claimed to have done his constituents 40,000 individual favours in the past eight years, and to have got I forget how

many millions of government dollars spent on roads and bridges and sewers in the neighbourhood. Senator Kennedy and Vice-President Nixon seem to be inhabiting another planet.

The Vice-President's basic speech these days is going something like this: 'America's never had it so good; she's never been richer, stronger, or more respected in the world. I, Richard Nixon, have done my bit to help the Eisenhower administration keep it so. The Communists have to be dealt with very firmly, and I've had experience in that, too. My opponent has not; he seems to enjoy running America down, and what with advocating appeasement on the one hand and intervention on the other, not to mention near socialism at home, he's liable to lead us into disaster and war'.

Mr. Kennedy's speech is harder to summarize, because it varies more and contains more detailed argument and less emotional appeal. It goes something like this: 'My opponent is always twisting my position and shifting his own. Of course, I believe that this is a great country, but for the past eight years it's been blindfolded and lulled to sleep with platitudes. We're in the third recession in six years, and our prestige is slipping downhill, even though the Government does try to conceal the facts. What we want is leadership, courage, and new ideas. We've got to get on the move again, as we were in the days of Roosevelt'.

Nobody knows for certain which of these arguments—or, perhaps more to the point, which of these personalities—will carry the day. The public opinion polls show them very close, and it has to be remembered that most of the professional commentators, who are giving Senator Kennedy the lead, are themselves of Liberal sympathy. Even if the so-called 'prestige issue' does turn out to be the culminating one of the campaign, it is still a two-edged weapon. And there is something else which makes this a peculiarly exciting election: whichever man wins, we do not really know what sort of a President he will make. The leadership of the greatest power in the free world is on the edge of the unknown.—*'From Our Own Correspondent' (Home Service)*

Mr. Khrushchev's Aims in the Congo

By THOMAS BARMAN, B.B.C. diplomatic correspondent

IT is not surprising that Mr. Khrushchev was given a conqueror's welcome when he got back to Moscow the other day. I have no doubt that he deserved it. He may have lost a skirmish or two in the General Assembly's debate on the Congo, but it seems to me that he stands an excellent chance of winning the campaign. After all, he has succeeded in nearly paralysing the United Nations in the Congo; he has managed to cast doubt on the good faith of Mr. Hammarskjöld; he has planted the seeds of disunity and suspicion in the minds of the leaders of Africa—the new Africa, I mean. A great many people have been shocked by the abusive language that Mr. Khrushchev used in the United Nations. There seems to be no doubt that in some respects he overplayed his hand. And yet the fact is that his words have had their effect.

And if the United Nations is prevented from working out some kind of trusteeship arrangement for the Congo; if Russia and her friends are going to pull out of any kind of United Nations activity there, financial or political; if Ghana and Nigeria and Tunisia fail to work out an acceptable policy for this new republic, what is going to be the immediate result? So far as I can see, only chaos and disintegration.

A Spreading Area of Anarchy

President Kasavubu remains in his castle on the edge of the Congo river; Mr. Lumumba is seen occasionally in the streets of Leopoldville, with a tough bodyguard at his heels; Colonel Mobutu lives in a military camp somewhere in the outskirts. They never meet; they have no real authority. Because there is no one there who has the power the resolve their quarrel, because these three leaders are not even allowed to fight the thing out among themselves, there is no government, but only vain boasting, and a spreading area of anarchy and decay: and in that area there is, increasingly, hunger and fear and despair. These are the great evils that communism thrives on. It will not be long, writes an eye-witness, before the Congo is shaken by a new and authentic revolution—more terrible this time than anything that has gone before, since it will spring not only from the heart but from an empty stomach.

I have another eye-witness account in front of me—although this one does not come from the Congo: it tells of rioting soldiers who are destroying law and order; it speaks of lynch-law in the streets, of the destruction of houses and shops, of attacks upon peaceful citizens, of unauthorized arrests and of beatings-up. This particular account comes, in fact, from Petrograd, and it was written in the autumn of 1917—by a man who himself played an active part in destroying the existing regime. He is a friendly witness who was writing about the October Revolution.

One of the most important facts about that revolution is that it was the direct consequence of a break-down of authority at the centre. The old ruling classes in Russia had, in fact, thrown up the sponge, in much the same way as the Belgians did in the Congo a few months ago. And just as the Communist dictatorship in Russia sprang from the chaos and the confusion that the Communists themselves helped to create, so we may be sure that the Russian leaders now hope that some sort of communism will emerge from the disasters that Russian policies are helping to bring about. After all, Mr. Khrushchev failed in his first attempt to establish Communist influence in the Congo through military intervention. That was the time when he sent all those transport aircraft to Mr. Lumumba. Mr. Khrushchev is now having another try; and he has turned to Russian history to guide him. His aim is to wreck what is left of an abandoned social system in the expectation that communism will grow out of its ruins.

It is perhaps the feeling of abandonment that is the hardest to bear for the African. It is difficult to express in words the sort of thing I have in mind. I can only give one or two examples. There is, for instance, the sudden evaporation of all those administrative services, all those forms and bits of paper, that people living in towns seem to regard as essential, because it makes them part of the social order and gives them a feeling of security, of 'belonging'. It is what the aimless young men feel who roam the streets of Leopoldville in the hope that the boss will soon come back and pay them. It is the sort of thing a United Nations official had in mind when he reported how a Congolese Minister called on him and asked to be allowed to sit in his office—just to sit there—in order to learn how things worked. It includes the fears of the unskilled and untrained and well-intentioned, when they try to take over the administrative machine that the Belgians have abandoned. They have the same taste of fear in their mouths, an American journalist reports, as you get in a dream when you find yourself in an aircraft, flying at high speed, and all you can do is to stare without understanding at a great panel of winking lights.

The Technicians and Experts

The Western Governments have the technicians, but Mr. Khrushchev has made it almost impossible for them to go in. Some of the Belgians are going back, as we know, but no doubt the United Nations will put a stop to that. There are plenty of technicians and experts in the Communist world: I have seen them in their thousands—men of all colours—at Moscow University. When the desolation is complete, Mr. Khrushchev will no doubt offer to send them in as saviours.

—*'From Our Own Correspondent' (Home Service)*

The Future of the French Republic

DOROTHY PICKLES considers the policy of General de Gaulle

THE French historian and sociologist, M. Raymond Aron, once said that Napoleon's greatest crime was that he was an anachronism. In the industrial age then beginning to develop—an age which ought to have united mankind and made wars irrelevant—Napoleon still believed in wars of conquest. Today some of General de Gaulle's friends, as well as some of his enemies, are beginning to wonder whether his tragedy may not be that he is an anachronism. For one thing, he appears still to be seeking for France a national and European role that she has not been able to play for the past fifty years and that she neither could nor should play in the atomic age.

But it is not this alone that is causing alarm and despondency among many of those who, up to now, have defended General de Gaulle against attacks both from left and right inside France and from criticism, often ill-informed, outside France. It is that, for the first time since he came to power, what he is doing does not seem to make sense. Up to this summer it was still possible to interpret his intentions as being to unite French moderate opinion—that is ranging from moderate right to moderate left—at the cost of alienating the extreme right (including its sympathizers in the army) and the extreme left, that is the dissident Socialists and fellow travellers. His foreign policy in the early days of the regime—the appeasement of Tunisian and Moroccan sensibilities and his desire for Franco-German rapprochement — reassured the left, as did his attitude towards the African States of the Community. He reaffirmed France's attachment to the principles of Nato and his Government loyally carried out France's obligations in the Common Market. A little 'awkwardness' in Nato was even regarded in some quarters in France as a valuable card to play, since it served to appease the right while he carried out a liberal policy in Africa and prepared the way for what turned out to be an Algerian policy extremely displeasing to the right.

General Charles de Gaulle, President of France

All this not only made sense; it showed a suppleness of mind and a degree of pragmatism that revealed intelligent statesmanship. And General de Gaulle's visits to Great Britain and America (as well as his interchanges with Chancellor Adenauer) were also successful in increasing his personal prestige outside France.

But suddenly, this summer, everything seemed to go wrong. The General would hardly have behaved differently if he had been setting out deliberately to alienate all his friends at once. It all began with the failure of the first meeting, at Melun, between representatives of the French Government and of the Algerian rebel organization, the National Liberation Front. Supporters of the General's Algerian policy had hoped for this meeting since he came to power. It was known that, during his fifteen months of office, M. Mollet had repeatedly tried to get both sides round a table, and failed. General de Gaulle succeeded, though not until almost two years after he had returned to power. But the Melun meeting ended in failure and, during the following weeks, other reasons for criticism of General de Gaulle followed thick and fast.

The new situation has raised some awkward questions in the minds of General de Gaulle's supporters. Has the General changed his mind? Or have they been wrong all along about what he was trying to do? However they answer these questions, it seems to many of them only too easy to see what France can lose by his recent activities, but hard to see what she can gain. That in itself is a new situation.

At least three things are puzzling in the extreme. First, why has the General chosen this moment to flout the United Nations, both by disparaging speeches and by absenting himself from a meeting of the General Assembly attended by President Eisenhower, Mr. Khrushchev, and Mr. Macmillan, and also by the representatives of the New African States of the Franco-African Community? Surely, this was missing an opportunity to underline to the world France's position as the third Great Power of the West! And it was certainly missing an opportunity—all too rare—of hearing a chorus of young African leaders, appearing in the United Nations for the first time, united to praise a former Colonial Power. These States want to co-operate with France. They need French administrators, technicians, and soldiers in order to help them to learn to stand on their own feet. But they also respect the United Nations and look to it for protection. They were proud to be accepted as members of the United Nations. But their first public appearance was marred by the conspicuous absence of the President of their Community.

What could make it worth while to administer such a snub, at a time when the loyalty of these new African States is likely to be severely tested by the worsening of the Algerian situation? For they are all passionately in favour of Algerian independence, or at least of some status for Algeria that recognizes as a start the Algerianness of Algeria, as General de Gaulle has put it.

The second puzzling thing is the reason for General de Gaulle's apparently deliberate attempt to proclaim France's independence of Nato. And that also without any obvious pretext, such as the need to placate a militant right. He has succeeded in alienating both left and right on this. Both are believers in Nato, and the right also believes that France cannot afford to add to the existing financial burdens—in particular those of the war in Algeria, and the promised economic aid to Algeria and the new African States

—the probably useless burden of financing a French nuclear deterrent. After all, Great Britain, whose nuclear research is far more advanced, has chosen this moment to announce that she cannot afford to continue to be an independent nuclear power. Yet the General insists that France must retain national control of her defence, including control of the nuclear deterrent, and that she must not be 'an integrated satellite', as he puts it. The result has been that, regretfully, the Conservative M. Reynaud has joined the Socialist M. Mollet in speaking against the government, leaving the General able to count only on the positive support of the Gaullist party, the U.N.R., and on the abstention of some others who have openly expressed their opposition*.

Almost Complete Isolation

It remained only for General de Gaulle to undo his work in building up Franco-German friendship for his isolation from all but Gaullist opinion to be complete. This he proceeded to do by proposing new European institutions based not on supranationalism but on intergovernmental relations. The paraphernalia of a powerless so-called parliament and a European referendum, the suggestion that France was the natural leader of the Six, the blocking of Adenauer's attempts to bring the Six and the Seven any nearer to each other: all this was bound to alienate both the European integrationists in France and Chancellor Adenauer. The German Chancellor is not only a convinced supranationalist; he is also anxious to maintain good relations with Great Britain. And he has no interest in weakening Nato and exasperating America, while Mr. Khrushchev, in his new militant phase, is capable of threatening a new Berlin crisis.

None of the explanations that has been put forward so far seem to me to make sense of General de Gaulle's policy, if it *is* a policy. One suggestion is that, as *The Economist* puts it, 'the army has finally imposed its terms'. This is inconsistent with his far-reaching purges of trouble-makers in the army, with his firmness in dealing with the rising in Algeria on January 24, as well as with the results of these activities, namely, the obvious diminution of political activity among the higher ranks of the army. Accusations that the General is playing at power politics, or that he has delusions of grandeur, or that he is simply following the rigid lines that he tried to adopt when he was playing from weakness during his years of exile in the nineteen-forties do not really hold water either. His Algerian policy and his leadership of the Community have been characterized neither by rigidity nor by conservatism. On the contrary, he has often surprised even those who believed from the beginning that his intentions were to be progressive—to lead France to 'decolonialize' her relations with her overseas possessions before it was too late. As he has often put it: '*La France doit épouser son siècle*'—'France must bring herself up to date'. Nobody believes that anyone but he could have achieved within little over a year the peaceful transference to independence of the States of the Community, a success underlined by the contrast between the violence and savagery in the Belgian Congo, and, just across the river in the former French Congo, the calm authority of leaders who behaved as if they had been independent for years instead of only for a few months.

Ministers Out of Touch?

I do not pretend to understand what is going on in the General's mind. But I do think that two things at least have helped to make it possible for him seriously to misestimate opinion both inside and outside France. The first is his remoteness from his fellow men. In the short run this has made for strength. He has claimed, and rightly, that he belongs to all and to none, that he is not, and will never be, the prisoner of a faction. This is still true, however much the extreme left tries to pretend that it is not. But in a democracy, such remoteness can be fatal in the long run. General de Gaulle's recipe for French recovery is leadership—admittedly popular leadership—and in a time of crisis he supplied it. But once the immediate sense of crisis vanishes, the normal political reactions return. In a parliamentary democracy, leadership must be based on the co-operation of equals within the parliamentary framework. In France today, this is impossible, because parliament is not doing its proper job, and Ministers are not doing theirs. They are not acting as channels of communication between the citizen, or the Deputy, and the leader, or between the leader and opinion outside France. They are, from the Prime Minister downwards, spokesmen, or agents, of a leader who is, in his Presidential palace of the Elysée, out of touch with common men.

To the extent that General de Gaulle has sponsored a system that fails to provide adequately for co-operation between leader and led, he must bear responsibility for the results. But he has never pretended to like or to understand the workings of a modern parliamentary democracy. Nor is he solely responsible. He could argue with truth that he is where he is precisely because, in France, the members of parliament could not co-operate: the system had already broken down.

The result is a vicious circle. Since 1958, French politicians have handed over responsibility to one man. Some of them are now regretting their abdication. But they have failed to use the breathing space of the crisis, and of General de Gaulle's readiness to take the unpopular decisions that they could not take themselves, in order to set their own house in order. That is the second thing that has helped to bring about the present situation. The tragedy is that, in the country, as opposed to Parliament, there is still nobody who can challenge General de Gaulle, as his tours of France have made amply clear. But the error of the ordinary citizen is that he has expected not merely a miracle in Algeria, but also a miracle in French political life that the General is intellectually and emotionally unable to carry out, even if he were willing to try. General de Gaulle is essentially a leader in times of crisis. If the crisis is now past, then perhaps some of the things he is doing no longer make the sense that France needs. Perhaps he *ought* to be regarded as an anachronism. If the crisis is *not* past, then perhaps it is the attempt to make the Fifth Republic a parliamentary democracy that will prove to be the anachronism.

But where France goes from here, as I see it, depends, as in the long run it has always done, on the led rather than on the leader. It depends in the first place on the political parties and whether, when, and how they decide to work out their own salvation instead of continuing to leave the job to General de Gaulle.—*European Services*

In the course of a broadcast talk in 'From Our Own Correspondent' on October 29 THOMAS CADETT, B.B.C. Paris correspondent, said: 'There is, in France, a general feeling of "What next", in the air. It is true that, in some ways, things have crystallized. During his tour of Southern France, President de Gaulle did make two things somewhat clearer. First, his ideas on the sort of Algerian Algeria that he has in mind. This is what he said: "Let her decide her own destiny, let her agree with France on economic questions, schools, her defence and, to a large extent, her administration". This seemed to imply that the General expected to see France play a big part in all these fields, but it was noted that he did not mention foreign policy, and, since the General is a careful, as well as a sometimes sibylline speaker, this could be taken as a hint of his readiness to accept Algeria's diplomatic freedom.

'The second clarification came when he said: "The State will not allow any infringement of its duties and responsibilities. It will not allow people who have carved out certain positions for themselves, whether personal, political, trade union, military, journalistic, or otherwise, to claim to influence the governing of France. The conduct of French affairs belongs to those entrusted with it—it belongs then, primarily, to myself".

'The General is also reported to have said, off the platform, that there were too many intermediaries between the people and himself, and in one speech he indicated that, if need be, the people would be given an opportunity of showing their opinion of those who sought to divide the country, a threat, of course, there, of an appeal to the nation, either by referendum or an election.

'All this was Louis XIV stuff with a vengeance, "I am the State". And it was duly and bitterly noted by a parliament now reduced to rubberstamping the monarch's decisions by the threat of dissolution. But though there is nothing Parliament can do at the moment, "revenge is a dish better eaten cold", as the French proverb says'.

* M. Reynaud was one of these

The Soviet Theory of Revolution

By WALTER KOLARZ

OVER the past few years the Soviet communists have worked out a new theory about socialist revolutions. According to this theory, which has been reformulated with particular clarity in a recent issue of the Soviet communist theoretical organ *Kommunist* (No. 13, September 1960), such a revolution is now an easy matter. All a country has to do to become socialist, or rather communist, is to engage in close co-operation with the socialist camp and rely on its economic help. In this way the Soviet bloc can assist a national revolution to be transformed little by little into a socialist revolution. This theory goes far to explain the policy which the Soviet Union and its economically more important satellites, especially Czechoslovakia and East Germany, are conducting at present towards Guinea and Cuba, and which they have tried to put into effect also in the case of the Congo.

At first glance the new communist theory seems to have much in its favour, and a Soviet foreign policy and communist strategy based on it may appear to be highly promising. However, the theory has one big shortcoming. History has already disproved it. The most recent history has shown that a country does not become communist merely because of economic and diplomatic assistance received from the Soviet bloc. The various failures which the new communist theory has suffered are not only of historical significance. They may serve as a guide to future developments in Russia's relations with the vast Latin-American-Afro-Asian world.

Fiasco in Guatemala

The first country where communist interference ended in fiasco was Guatemala. In 1951 this Central American republic received a new President in the person of Jacobo Arbenz Guzmán, who as time went on relied more and more on the support of a popular front in which the communists played an important part. It was the communist aim to take over Guatemala's government altogether by infiltrating systematically into various government offices and by relying on fellow travellers in the parties with which they were allied in the so-called 'Frente Popular Libertador', the People's Liberation Front. Throughout the early 'fifties the whole communist world closely followed events in Guatemala, and this interest was not merely theoretical. In 1954, communist Czechoslovakia supplied arms to the regime of President Arbenz. They were shipped via Poland. A recent study about Guatemalan communism by an American scholar, Ronald Schneider*, points out that it was this arms shipment from Czechoslovakia that actually hastened the downfall of the Arbenz Government. It showed the army, which was hostile to the communists, to what extent the Government had drifted to the extreme left. This again contributed towards unleashing the officers' revolt, which in June 1954 was crowned with victory. Thus, instead of assisting the socialist revolution in Guatemala, the help of the Soviet bloc actually brought about the collapse of all hopes of Guatemalan communism.

It may be argued that in the case of Guatemala the Soviet loss of face was not great because only a very minor Soviet figure, Mr. Mikhail Samoilov, Soviet commercial attaché in Mexico City, got himself directly involved with the Guatemalan popular-front regime. In other countries which Soviet Russia tried to draw over to her side, her most outstanding leaders played a decisive part. The first of these countries to which the Soviet Union paid such particular attention was Egypt. In 1955 the Kremlin put out its first feelers towards Cairo, and in 1956 it began to launch a real economic offensive which was to make Egypt completely dependent on the communist bloc. Above all Russia was out to buy the bulk of the Egyptian cotton, Egypt's staple commodity. Russia also proclaimed her readiness to help in the building of the Aswan Dam and to assist in financing this project which is of colossal importance to the further development of the country. Mr. Khrushchev was prepared to give even more than purely economic and technical aid. During the Suez crisis of 1956 he threatened to send volunteers to fight the 'invaders'.

Battle for Egypt

Egypt gladly accepted all the assistance she could get from Russia, but the country did not, for all that, turn communist. On the contrary, Colonel Gamal Abdel Nasser ruthlessly persecutes the Egyptian Communist Party. The longer his regime lasts the more bitter grow the attacks which both foreign communist parties and the small clandestine groups operating inside Egypt are levelling at the President of the United Arab Republic. The Chinese communists have gone so far as to compare him with their arch-enemy, General Chiang Kai-shek, that champion of violent anti-communism. Nevertheless, Moscow has not yet given up the battle for Egypt, and in August the Soviet Union granted President Nasser a long-term loan of £80,000,000 sterling for the implementation of the Aswan Dam.

It may be doubtful whether Moscow ever seriously hoped that Egypt's national revolution could be turned into a communist one, but it seems likely that the Kremlin harboured such illusions in the case of Syria. In 1957 Syria was definitely in danger of becoming a Russian satellite. The closest economic and military ties were established between Moscow and Damascus and the satellite countries gave full support to these Soviet efforts to transform Syria into an economic appendage of the Soviet bloc. Soviet Russia pledged herself to construct railways, highways, hydro-electric stations, and chemical factories in the hope that this generosity would accelerate the political development of the country. Indeed, hand in hand with the Soviet arms supplies and promises of economic assistance, there took place an increased communist activity in Syria. The one and only communist Member of Parliament, Mr. Khalid Bagdash, acquired an ever-increasing importance as a public figure, but much more serious was the communist penetration into the army, particularly when a notorious pro-communist, General Afri el Bizri, was appointed Chief of Staff.

But once again Moscow had miscalculated: the more the communist danger grew the greater became the awareness of Syrian non-communist forces that something drastic must be done to keep the communist danger in check. In February 1958 Syria was finally spared from becoming a Soviet satellite by joining up with Egypt and forming the United Arab Republic. The moderate socialist Baath party, on which Moscow had at first pinned its hopes, played a decisive part in bringing about the Syrian-Egyptian union. It was never wholeheartedly approved by the Soviet bloc and inflicted a deadly blow on Syrian communism. The Communist Party was outlawed. Its leader Khalid Bagdash left the country and so did General Afri el Bizri in whom the communists had seen a friend and ally. Most of the Syrian political leaders who were involved in the Syrian-Soviet rapprochement in 1956-57, including Sabri al Assali, the Prime Minister of the period, and Khalid al Azm, his Minister of Defence, occupy no official positions at the present time.

Communists in Iraq

Only a few months had elapsed after the foundation of the United Arab Republic when another potential Soviet satellite appeared on the horizon—Iraq. The new Iraqi Republic, emerging from the revolution of July 14, 1958, was in more danger of being 'captured' by the communists than even Syria. Indeed, the Iraqi communists proved to be more powerful and versatile than the communist party of any other Arab country. Their activities were supported by a wide range of front organizations catering

(*concluded on page 814*)

* *Communism in Guatemala.* Atlantic Books: Stevens, 35s.

The Listener

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Historical Vigour

EXACTLY 200 years have passed since George III succeeded his grandfather George II. The event was not regarded at the time as heralding a new epoch. 'When you have changed the cipher', Horace Walpole wrote to a friend, 'and have shifted a few lords and grooms of the Bedchamber, you are master of the new reign, which is indeed but a new lease of the old one'. Contemporaries would have found nothing wrong with Walpole's judgment; and historians looking back today cannot see any particularly sharp break in either the constitutional history or the economic life of England in 1760. Yet, taken as a whole, the reign of George III can be said to mark a formative period of change: a time when modern industrial England was born, when our system of executive government was set in its present mould, and when there were germinated most of the ideas that were to lead to the spread of democracy and the co-ordination of empire.

One of these ideas was undoubtedly the technique of mobilizing public opinion and influencing members of parliament, the development of 'pressure groups'. These could take an economic form—like the Russia Company, about which Dr. Hunt writes today on another page—or a political, such as the Quaker gatherings or the Yorkshire Association of the Rev. Christopher Wyvill. It is the study of movements like these that makes the reign of George III so fascinating a period for both historians and ordinary readers. In recent decades, however, the ordinary reader has not had much chance of getting a clear view of it. There have been few comprehensive books, and the writing of them seems to have been hindered by differences of historical approach. Forty years ago, the reign could be viewed only through the generally partisan (Whig or Tory) memoirs of the principal political actors of the day. The Whig tradition had even been continued by nineteenth-century historians like Sir George Otto Trevelyan. Then Sir Lewis Namier began his masterly series of books, which—by analysing in intricate detail the motives and personalities of the politicians involved—enabled scholars to see, behind the partisanship, exactly how certain events took place. Other historians had meanwhile been broadening the scope of history to include the study of economic and social trends. But there was still no up-to-date book for the non-professional.

Now, at last, Mr. Steven Watson's new volume* in the Oxford History of England has come to fill the gap. Originally it was intended that this book should be written by G. S. Veitch and afterwards by Richard Pares; and, it had always been said, jokingly, that anyway it would never appear until Namier had died. This prophecy happens now to have come true, but the general welcome given to Mr. Watson by reviewers suggests that he has written a book of vigour, with not too much analysis (which may be said to be the fault of the Namier school) and so done something to restore a balance to historical thought about the later eighteenth century. It is to be hoped that other historians will be prompted to follow Mr. Watson's lead. In the writing of history, as Professor Herbert Butterfield has pointed out, 'it is necessary to exercise a presiding mind', otherwise in reacting too much against ideas and in favour of the criss-crossing pattern of events we run the risk of turning the whole of history into a 'tale told by an idiot'.

**The Reign of George III, 1760-1815, reviewed in* The Listener *of October 6*

What They Are Saying

The Congo and Algeria

THE UNRESOLVED CONGO situation has been much commented on in Yugoslav broadcasts. One of them quoted the newspaper *Borba* on the subject of the 'ever more dangerous intervention of Belgian military and civilian personnel in the internal affairs of the country'. The Yugoslav newspaper said that Belgian officials were increasingly taking posts in Colonel Mobutu's offices. *Borba* emphasized that owing to this the situation had become even more dangerous and uncertain than it had been three months ago. The colonialists had formerly operated against the organized Congolese government but now they were doing so by buying up renegades of the government all over the country. The Belgians, wrote the Yugoslav newspaper, were beating their heads against the wall as far as their attempts to carry out the plot against their former colony were concerned, but their action was dangerous, for it might set off an explosion of broader proportions. The United Nations must put an end to this grave danger and take steps foreseen under the Security Council and General Assembly resolutions.

Another Yugoslav transmission, in English, noted that an attempt to 'change the political climate' in Stanleyville and in Orientale Province of the Congo, by detaining the Premier of the provincial government, had failed. The commentator continued:

> It has been noted that Europeans, especially Belgians, have been returning to Stanleyville and Orientale Province in large numbers. Persons coming to the Congo for the first time, and all Europeans living in the city, have to apply for new identity cards. During the identification checks which are to take place later, in order to detect undesirable and dangerous elements, all persons found without identity cards will be expelled from Orientale Province.

A Soviet broadcast in English discussed a report that Mr. Dayal, the Indian representative of U.N., had refused a request by Colonel Mobutu to recognize the latter's 'Council of Commissioners' as the Congo Government. The Russian commentator said:

> This absolutely reasonable stand by the representative of the U.N. gave rise to a show of indignation by the placeman of the American and Belgian monopolies. Prompted by his foreign advisers, Mobutu asked Hammarskjöld for the 'urgent recall' of Dayal from the Congo and for 'certain changes' in the U.N. personnel. Mobutu's bosses evidently dislike the presence in the Congo of representatives of independent Afro-Asian countries, and they would like to replace them by those who are accustomed obediently to carry out the instructions of the colonialists.

A Yugoslav broadcast in English quoted the newspaper, *Politika*, for the following comment on the Algerian question:

> The world public has assessed the proposal to hold a referendum in Algeria under U.N. supervision as being very positive and constructive. The U.N., whether President de Gaulle likes it or not, is entitled to tackle this problem, as it goes further than the framework of French-Algerian relations and touches on the problem of preservation of world peace. When all the acts of President de Gaulle are analysed and his statements about Algeria summed up, one reaches the conclusion that this 'Algerian plan' boils down to an attempt to reorganize the colonial system.

A Jordan broadcast quoted an article in *Al Manar*, which pointed out that African radio organizations had just held their first conference, in Tunis, and went on:

> We wish to God that the Arab radios would hold a similar conference, not to co-ordinate co-operation between them, since co-operation seems impossible, but at least to draw up a moral constitution to which these radios would adhere, both in peacetime and in wartime. We still reprimand a child if he uses abusive language and hit him if he lies. Today, however, we hear vituperation and lies over the radio and yet we keep quiet and do not protest. Either we must compel Arab radios to adhere to Arab ethics, or else we must caution our boys at school or at home against listening to these radios.

—Based on information collected by the B.B.C. Monitoring Service

DERRICK SINGTON

Did You Hear That?

THE BIOLOGY OF SPACE TRAVEL

DR. GREY WALTER, a leading expert on the human brain, read a paper some weeks ago at a symposium held at the Royal Geographical Society's headquarters in London to discuss the biology of space travel. The symposium was also attended by DENIS DESOUTTER, the assistant editor of *Aeronautics*. In 'Science and Industry' (General Overseas Service) Mr. Desoutter put some questions to Dr. Grey Walter about the paper he had been reading.

Desoutter: I see you have called your paper 'The Human Brain in Space and Time'. Could you tell me something about your particular researches?

Grey Walter: The experiments I describe in the paper are based on the idea that the impression people get in space and time greatly depends on the environment in which they find themselves. The terrestial environment on earth has given us a rather peculiar idea of space and time, and this can be greatly changed by an experience of space travel.

Desoutter: Could you give an example of the sort of difference your spaceman might find?

Grey Walter: That depends on what he is expected to do. I think in the earlier projects he will not be expected to do much, except to survive and be reasonably happy with the prospect. If he does nothing, then of course nothing of great interest arises, either physiologically or biologically. If, on the other hand, he is treated as a rather cheap and flexible computer, which is the main reason for sending a man into space, then we have to consider how his nervous system will respond to the change in what I might call signal pressure.

Desoutter: When you say using him as a computer, you mean basically as a thinking computer who can deal with problems which a pre-programmed computer would not be ready for?

Grey Walter: Yes. The human brain is supposed to be, and in fact is, a vehicle: it has developed as an organ for the appreciation of subtle relationships, and the working out of new systems, understanding and describing them. The brain is much smaller and lighter than any similar electronic computer can be at the moment. One of the situations the human brain is good in is high signal pressure, where enormous divergency and variety of signals come both from outside and inside the body. This situation is the characteristic one of earth, but it will not be the characteristic one of a man in a space vehicle. He will be deprived there of the sensations he is accustomed to, and will probably receive a number of new ones. The exciting possibility is that human beings may find something novel about space travel. If there is something entirely new which we cannot forecast in advance, then our astronaut will have to have the capacity to select from the environment those features which are new, and put them together in some pattern which he can describe to us, or deal with in some way.

Desoutter: And your current experiments are concerned with finding out how people do react in unexpected conditions?

Grey Walter: Yes; but particularly how they react to novel and uninstructed associations. It is easy to teach somebody a new task if you can tell them what to do, but it appears to be surprisingly difficult for even well-educated and rather sophisticated human beings to pick out for themselves those features that are significantly related, particularly if they are in a situation which, though essentially normal, has no obvious relevance to the outside world.

The experiments we make are simple. The subject lies on a couch, and he has over his eyes cardboard tubes which he can flash: they can send out double flashes or triple flashes. Over his ears he has a head-set, and in this he can hear tones which are high or low in pitch, and he gets also a horrible hooter noise, which causes a violent reaction and which he does all he can to avoid. He can avoid this hooter by moving a little lever one way or the other, and he can learn the way to move the lever by listening to the sounds and seeing the lights that come before the penalty noise, the hooter. A large number of subjects go on for hundreds of trials, failing to make this simple adjustment.

Apart from the performance of the subject, we record during these experiments a large number of changes in brain behaviour and in the body. We are trying to find out how the involuntary actions of these people work, how these are related to the nature of their success or failure. The possibility that presents itself at the moment is that the man who goes up in the first few space-ships might have to be a bit of an artist. The artist is characteristically able to notice features of the world that other people have not noticed, and to present them in a personal way which is not prejudiced by some system of knowledge, as the scientist is.

'John Henry Grant and Sir Francis Grant at Melton', by John Ferneley (1782-1860): from the exhibition of his work at the Leicester Art Gallery

JOHN FERNELEY

An exhibition of the work of the Leicestershire painter John Ferneley, who died 100 years ago, is now being held in Leicester at the Art Gallery. ROLAND ORTON talked about the artist in 'The Eye-witness'.

'Looking at this exhibition', he said, 'is just like looking at a cross-section of the colourful hunting scenes of Leicestershire in mid-Victorian days. But what is more interesting is the story that lies behind the pictures—the story of a humble village boy who showed a verve for drawing, and became the friend and confidant of the horse-loving Leicestershire nobility. It is the story of John Ferneley, a wheelwright's son from Thrussington, a tiny village near Leicester. His father made farm carts, and it was while riding round his vast estates that the fifth Duke of Rutland noticed that many carts were decorated

with spirited pictures of the chase. He was told that they had been done by the wheelwright's son, and, obviously impressed by the young artist's efforts, the Duke rode over on horseback from Belvoir Castle to the artisan's cottage.

'Imagine the excitement in the Ferneley household when the sporting Duke suggested that young John should be apprenticed in London to an already famous Leicestershire painter, Ben Marshall. Marshall accepted Ferneley as a pupil for three years at a fee of £200 all found.

'Young Ferneley's apprenticeship over, he returned to Leicestershire and set up on his own account. His studio was at Melton Mowbray, which had become the most famous hunting centre in the world. He became a prolific painter of hunting scenes, horses, and personalities. He was a business man, too. An account book containing an almost complete record of his commissioned work from 1808 until his death in 1860, shows that he turned out more than 700 paintings with prices ranging from £3 3s. to £157 10s.

'What impressed me most as I walked round the exhibition of more than fifty of his paintings was that they lack the action one associates with hunting. Instead, they have a tranquil quality of stillness which is akin to the work of Stubbs, one of the greatest of all English animal painters. Since the nineteen-thirties, Ferneley's paintings have been in great demand, and many have found their way to America'.

Water colour of 'Jemmy' Wood, and (below) part of a poster offering £10,000 reward for information about a codicil to Wood's will

City of Gloucester Museums

MISER OF GLOUCESTER

Though the passion of avarice is still common, one does not seem to hear so much these days of the old-fashioned, spectacular miser with whom hoarding was an obsession. A perfect specimen of the breed was Alderman Wood, who lived in Gloucester a century and a half ago. MARJORIE HAWLEY told his strange story in 'Midlands Miscellany' (Midland Home Service).

'It is hard to believe that Alderman James Wood, banker, landowner, millionaire, and Jemmy Wood, the old miser, were one and the same creature', she said. 'But the people of Gloucester were accustomed to the idea, for any day in the early years of the last century he could be seen standing in the doorway of his bank in Westgate Street, shabbily dressed in an old-fashioned tail-coat, knee breeches, and buckled shoes.

'Jemmy (as everyone called him) was an ugly man, his only remarkable feature being his nose, a huge one; below it his several chins receded into his neck; above it, his forehead sloped back sharply to his low cranium. His eyes were small and cunning and yet there was an air of naivety and simplicity about him. One passion dominated him all his life: his love of money. He worshipped it; as indeed his father and grandfather had done before him. Their bank, The Old Gloucester Bank, was one of the earliest provincial banks in the country, opened in 1716 in the same Tudor building.

'Had we followed Jemmy in through the door we would have seen cottons and tapes, ribbons and gloves, red flannel and calico displayed. For in addition to his bank he kept a draper's and haberdasher's shop and had other side-lines, including the undertaking of funerals. At the back of the shop, in a dark corner, there was a counter with false coins nailed on it and scales for weighing silver and gold. It was here, in such mean surroundings, that James Wood had made his million.

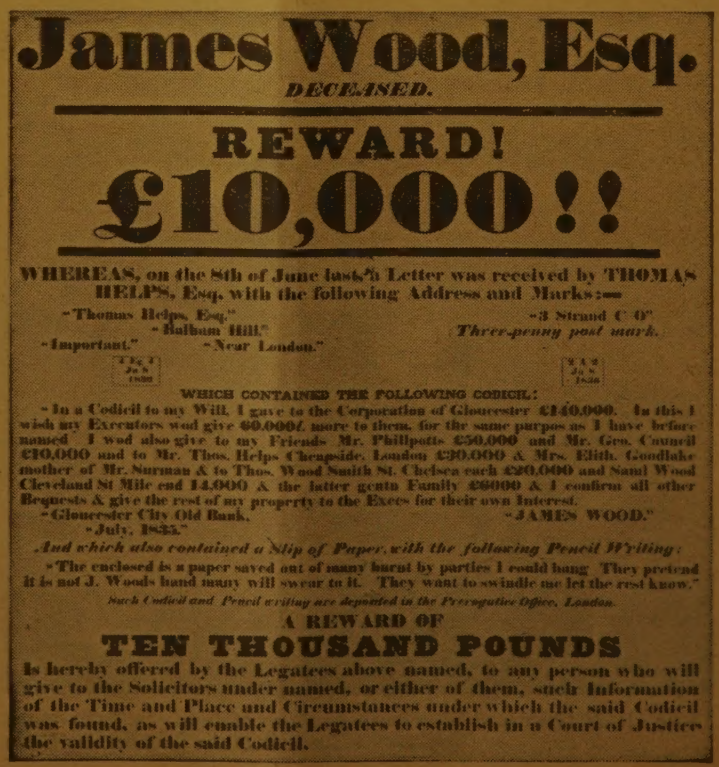
'Some advice his father gave him he never forgot. "Don't leave your money to charity; it'll only make so many rogues". But for all his cunning he did not make a very good job of his will. After his death in 1836 litigation over it was so lengthy and expensive (costing about £400,000) that it wasted a large part of his carefully hoarded fortune.

'But mean as *he* was, Wood had a cousin, Anthony Ellis, who was even more of a miser. He kept an ironmonger's shop further along the street. They had agreed that the one who died first would leave his money to the other. When Ellis lay dying Jemmy called every day. No sooner was he dead than Jemmy searched the house and found, to his delight, money everywhere: sovereigns hidden in jugs and tin boxes, silver stacked away in drawers and cupboards, and down in the cellar more than a ton of old coppers, so corroded that they had to be hacked out with a pick.

'Jemmy would do almost anything to save a penny: pick up bits of coal lying on the wharf, buy fishes' heads because they were so cheap. Yet he was fond of good food and wine, if he did not have to pay for it.

'He was eighty when he died. Chadborn, his solicitor, put forward for probate a will in which everything was left to himself and three others. Then a partly burnt codicil was found in mysterious circumstances. All Gloucester was agog with excitement for, according to the codicil, Jemmy had left £200,000 to Gloucester. After five years litigation, jubilant Gloucester rang all its church bells, but they rang them too soon, for their hopes of the legacy were dashed when another court of law pronounced against them on technical grounds.

'In Gloucester Folk Museum there are a number of relics of Jemmy, among them his portrait, banknotes bearing his signature, and a poster advertising £10,000 reward for information about the codicil'.



James Wood, Esq.

DECEASED.

REWARD!

£10,000!!

WHEREAS, on the 8th of June last a Letter was received by THOMAS HELPS, Esq. with the following Address and Marks:—

"Thomas Helps, Esq." "3 Strand C O"
"Balham Hill." *Three-penny post mark.*
"Important." "Near London."

WHICH CONTAINED THE FOLLOWING CODICIL:

"In a Codicil to my Will, I gave to the Corporation of Gloucester £140,000. In this I wish my Executors wod give 60,000*l.* more to them, for the same purpos as I have before named. I wod also give to my Friends Mr. Phillpotts £50,000 and Mr. Geo. Council £10,000 and to Mr. Thos. Helps Cheapside, London £20,000 & Mrs. Elith. Goodlake mother of Mr. Surman & to Thos. Wood Smith St. Chelsea each £20,000 and Saml Wood Cleveland St Mile end 14,000 & the latter gents Family £6000 & I confirm all other Bequests & give the rest of my property to the Exors for their own Interest.

"Gloucester City Old Bank, "JAMES WOOD."
"July, 1835."

And which also contained a Slip of Paper, with the following Pencil Writing:

"The enclosed is a paper saved out of many burnt by parties I could hang. They pretend it is not J. Woods hand many will swear to it. They want to swindle me let the rest know."

Such Codicil and Pencil writing are deposited in the Prerogative Office, London.

A REWARD OF

TEN THOUSAND POUNDS

is hereby offered by the Legatees above named, to any person who will give to the Solicitors under named, or either of them, such Information of the Time and Place and Circumstances under which the said Codicil was found, as will enable the Legatees to establish in a Court of Justice the validity of the said Codicil.

Power with Responsibility

SIR JOHN BENN defends the British insurance companies

NO doubt Burns was right:

To see oursels as others see us
. . . wad frae mony a blunder free us;

but when, as chairman of an old-established life assurance office, I tuned into the Third Programme recently to hear Professor Richard Titmuss, I was unable to recognize our aims or actions in what he said. In talking of 'The Irresponsible Society'* he pointed to hardship and distress on the one hand, and concentrations of economic power on the other, and he referred by way of illustration to the insurance companies. Although there are eighty or more insurance companies competing for business in this country, they were described as a 'handful of giant bureaucracies accountable to virtually no one'. Our power was alleged to be concentrated in a few hands, exercised in secret and safely hidden in our books. Conscious regard for the common good was said to be lacking, and altogether our critic seemed to vie with the fat boy in Pickwick in his determination to make the listener's flesh creep.

Helping the Genuinely Needy

I shall take it for granted that we all want to help those still in genuine need in our affluent society—the dependent poor, the sick and the disabled; but since the provision of social services has never been greater, whether by the Welfare State or voluntary organizations, there must be other reasons for their difficulties. Personally I share some of Professor Titmuss's misgivings about the way the Welfare State is working in practice. Its failure to do more for the really deserving is partly due to its non-selective basis, the classic example being the subsidized rents allowed to many who could well afford to pay an economic rent. Basically the prevailing attitude of mind is at fault. Money is being taken from the public purse by many who should be standing on their own feet and in these prosperous times should be required to do so. Some form of means test—or more accurately test of entitlement—is clearly called for and could perhaps be based on tax codes. At the other extreme, the elderly and impoverished do not always know how much help is available to them. More Citizens' Advice Bureaux may be part of the answer: there are fewer than 500 in the whole country.

As for the insurance companies and their relation to these problems, I suggest that the concentrations of power they represent—the principal target for the Professor's attack—are chiefly a measure of the increasing amount of thrift and saving which happily is taking place today. Besides the important part these savings play in helping to raise the general standard of living, they reflect the qualities of self-help and independence. These I believe are the strongest characteristics associated with insurance and are so much needed to counter the unfortunate attitude to which I have just referred—the tendency to let someone else pay. So, I found our critic's argument not only misleading but unconvincing. I want to suggest that the power of an insurance company is actually exercised within a framework of dual responsibility: directly to the policy-holders and indirectly to the public at large.

Economic Power in a Competitive Society

But looking first at the wider picture, where does economic power rest in a competitive society? What is its source and nature? And is its use in the hands of business really so arbitrary as critics make out? The short answer is that the customer is the ultimate arbiter. Any business undertaking not subsidized by the government must satisfy the customer or go to the wall. Whether there is a profit or a loss depends mainly on the judgment and pleasure of the man or woman who carries the shopping basket.

Day by day each of us helps to determine the course of the economy, and to decide what kind of goods shall be produced and in what quantities—whether, for example, we choose to bicycle or use the bus, whether we prefer nylon to cotton, or television to the cinema. No doubt our present prosperity owes much to the wider distribution of income which the more positive role of the government has helped to bring about since the war; but basically the customer is calling the tune, and this is just as true of insurance as of any other service or trade.

Is there really a trend towards monopoly in British insurance? Not long ago the Registrar of Restrictive Trading Agreements told an American audience that 'there was a long way to go on the merger road in most British industries before monopoly was created'. This certainly applies to insurance, despite some recent amalgamations among the composite offices, effected mainly to facilitate business in the United States where we have long had a major share of the market.

The choice of companies and terms now available to the public could hardly be more varied. The intending policy-holder can make his selection, either direct or with the help of a broker, from among eighty offices. These include twenty-two 'mutual' life offices available to anyone who dislikes sharing profits with share-holders, although in fact about 90 per cent. of the profits made by the 'proprietary' life companies are returned to policy-holders. Then there are the many 'composite' companies which also transact general business, enabling a member of the public to arrange all his insurances—life, fire, marine, motor, etc.—with one office. But again the choice is his. The size of the offices varies enormously: some write fewer than 2,000 policies a year, others up to 100,000 or more, and about 130,000,000 life policies are now in force, besides some 30,000 occupational pension schemes. There are also considerable differences in premium rates. Actually the struggle for business is now so keen that some of our underwriters are concerned at what appear to be the cut rates offered by competitors, but that is after all our problem and meanwhile the public certainly benefits from lower charges.

Diversity of Pattern

In the investment of insurance funds the pattern also shows considerable diversity. Some companies specialize in lending money for the purchase of owner-occupied houses; some invest in flats and offices; others concentrate on Stock Exchange securities. Nearly all the companies are large holders of government and local government stocks: at least £100,000,000 of new insurance money goes into these stocks every year.

So much for the charge of monopoly, but what about the economic power which all these investments represent? Do insurance companies in effect dominate industry? At the end of last year the published funds of the life offices totalled some £5,000,000,000. About 20 per cent. was invested in ordinary shares, say, £1,000,000,000. At the same date the total market value of ordinary shares quoted on the London Exchange was £25,000,000,000. We are clearly a long way from control, but although we have no desire to get involved in the management of the companies in which we invest, there are occasions when this is unavoidable to safeguard our policy-holders' interests. I suggest that insurance figures, large though they are, need to be looked at in perspective; insurance is only one of the many agencies now attracting personal savings, which since 1955 have risen by nearly 70 per cent. The funds of unit trusts, for instance, have grown from £50,000,000 a few years ago to over £200,000,000 today. The resources of building societies, pension funds, trade unions, and other corporate bodies now amount to many thousands of millions.

* Published in THE LISTENER, August 11

When we read of all these millions, we seldom stop to think that most big figures are only the sum of little ones, and I suppose that sheer size is one reason why the operations of insurance companies are apt to be suspect. In any case financiers have been a popular target for criticism since earliest times. Plato said that the influence of trading was morally corrupting: Xenophon deplored the 'vulgar crafts'. Chaucer seems to have held much the same view, for the City Merchant described in *Canterbury Tales*

> . . . was expert at dabbling in exchanges.
> This estimable merchant so had set
> His wits to work, none knew he was in debt.
> He was so stately in negotiation
> Loan, bargain and commercial obligation.

But what about the charge of secrecy? To begin with, insurance companies have to conform to the requirements of the Companies Act. And under the Insurance Companies Act we have also to furnish further information about our investments to the Board of Trade. As the law stands at present, however, we do not have to publish their market value but, in common with banks and discount houses, we are allowed to hold inner reserves. The purpose of these reserves is seldom understood, and leads to the idea that dark secrets are hidden in our ledgers. Actually these reserves roughly represent the difference between the values at which assets were acquired and their market value at the date of the balance sheet. They serve to protect our funds against losses which would otherwise fall on income. We call them our 'cushion' and that exactly explains their purpose. When Tony Weller described stocks and shares as 'things which go up and down in the City' he could not possibly have foreseen the violent fluctuations of the market in the past few years. My own institution has published funds of some £50,000,000. It is not at all unusual for the market value of our assets to rise or fall by several million pounds in the course of a few months; but capital changes on this scale largely represent paper values. My institution has disclosed its inner reserves from time to time, as part of a continuous campaign to inform its policy-holders about the technicalities of life assurance, but out of context their publication could quickly cause instability and lack of confidence. In my view the law should continue to allow each company to decide for itself what is in the best interests of its policy-holders, in keeping with the competitive nature of all business.

The Wider View

But should there not be some form of positive co-operation between the insurance companies and the government? Actually, this already exists in considerable measure.

Our boards of directors include men who have served in public life as well as in other spheres of business, so in considering investment proposals the wider view comes naturally to them: it influences discussions and decisions. More specifically, when the steel industry was nationalized we played our part in steering the authorities through the complex financial operations involved. The same applied in reverse when steel was later denationalized. We also take our cue from the directives issued from time to time to the British Insurance Association by the Bank of England. During a recent credit squeeze we were asked to restrict or decline applications for finance for certain types of property investment and such requests are invariably observed. Even when official policy is believed to be mistaken, as happened when the Capital Issues Committee was kept in being much longer than many of us in the City felt was necessary, our institutions invariably help in giving effect to it. So machinery already exists for guidance from the government to filter through to the insurance companies.

In broader terms, of course, we are all subject to the overall control of the economy which governments now exercise through financial or fiscal measures, or a mixture of both. But to operate within a framework of official policy is one thing; to submit investment proposals to some overriding board or authority would be quite another. And when it comes to actual investment, there is not a shred of evidence that a state agency would do better than the insurance companies; rather the contrary. Only the other day a select committee expressed 'surprise and horror' that the Ministry of Transport did not examine whether the use of diesels between London and Manchester would have given a better financial return than an electrification scheme to cost over £150,000,000. There was, of course, no reflection on the integrity of the officials involved. But, as I suggested earlier, it is simply that the normal commercial test of profit or loss is lacking in public monopolies.

Decisions Subject to Competition

The really important objection to state monopoly is that its decisions are in a few hands and are final. By contrast, decisions made by insurance boards on the many investment proposals submitted to them every week are subject to competition. If a business concern wanting money cannot get it from one insurance company it can try a rival source; and in the case of any reasonable proposition the large sums which we have to invest, on the one hand, and the demand for capital, on the other, do usually come together. In short, in a free economy, competition is at work in the investment field as in other spheres, and I suggest that the best answer to the danger that private concentrations of power could become excessive is to preserve vigorous competition.

In looking at all these questions it must be remembered that an insurance company is in effect a trustee for the policy-holders who look to it to use their money to the best advantage. Some industrialists have devoted resources to social projects such as the remarkable community movement sponsored in Italy by Adriano Olivetti; but, as a general rule, I believe that business should not decide social priorities: it must do what it is paid for, and serves the community best by sticking to its last. For, if the course of business responds to individual demand, it follows that many collective needs are met in the process, and that private and public advantage tend to go hand in hand. At any rate the long experience of my particular institution supports this view.

In the eighteen-fifties we began to provide capital for the railways, and we were among the first to advertise our business in the new-fangled railway stations. Later in the century we were making loans on parish rates; while earning interest for our policy-holders we were helping to improve sanitation and public health at a time when cholera was still a common scourge. Before the century closed we built large housing estates in the London area, long before public authorities began to provide them.

As everyone is now buying ordinary shares it is worth recalling that in the early nineteen-thirties, when the life offices began to invest in this class of security, the outlook for trade was very bleak. In the same way, after the war, when British industry was requiring new plant and equipment on an immense scale, but was not able to find nearly enough money from its own resources, insurance funds were the main source of outside capital. Even as it was, sound financial companies found it necessary to raise money by rights issues on terms which required them to earn 10 and 12 per cent. on the new money before provision of profits tax. Had the insurance companies stood aside, the rate would have been nearer 20 per cent.; the alternative—to raise capital by the issue of debentures and preference shares—would have made the capital structure of British industry dangerously rigid and top heavy.

Reaping the Benefit of Pioneer Steps

Today, our policy-holders are reaping the benefit of these pioneer steps; and among the more spectacular developments in which they now have a stake are the St. Lawrence Seaway and the Kariba Dam. Such large investments are matched by many smaller projects—tomato growing in the Channel Islands, egg packing in Sussex, the making of tartans in Scotland.

I have tried to show that the British insurance companies are using their power with responsibility. We are constantly adapting our methods to new conditions but we realize that there is plenty of scope for improvement. Critics who question our power should be quite sure that they can offer a better and practical alternative.—*Third Programme*

The Westward Expansion of Wessex by W. G. Hoskins has been published as No. 13 in Leicester University's 'Department of English Local History Occasional Papers' (Leicester University Press, 10s. 6d.). Bound up with this Paper is a supplement by H. P. R. Finberg to his *The Early Charters of Devon and Cornwall*, which appeared in 1953 as No. 2 of the series. (6s.)

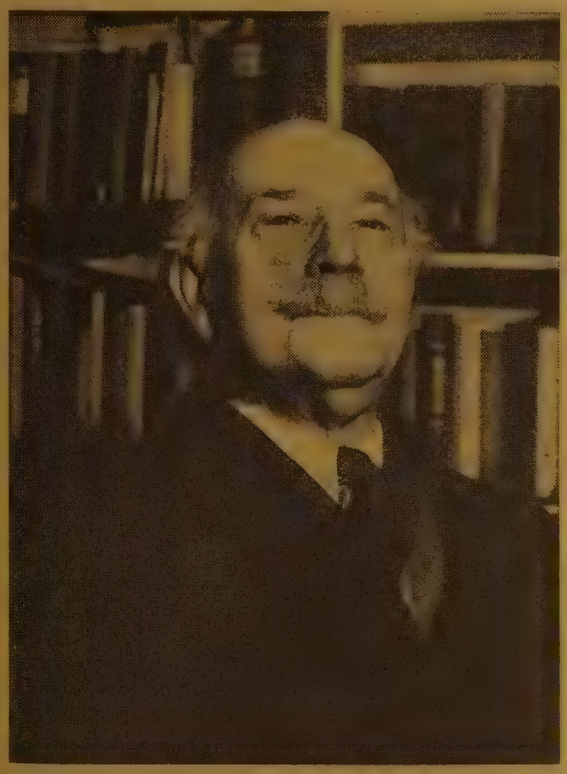
The Intellectuals and the Labour Movement

R. H. Tawney

By MAURICE SHOCK

HUGH GAITSKELL once wrote of R. H. Tawney that he was 'the least pathological of Socialist philosophers'. There is, indeed, nothing twisted in his work. It is straight and honest to the core. His contribution to socialist thought is almost entirely contained in two books, *The Acquisitive Society* and *Equality*, published respectively in 1921 and 1931. By the nineteen-twenties, Tawney already stood in the front rank of economic historians, had become famous in the world of adult education for his tutorial class work in Lancashire, and had fought in the ranks in the trenches of Flanders. Both books were, therefore, the products of a mature mind which was not only powerful and scholarly but had been formed by a wider and more varied experience of life than was common among his academic contemporaries.

These qualities lent great authority to Tawney's work. But what made it distinctive and gave it an inspirational quality, enhanced by vivid and noble prose, was that he sought to demonstrate the social purpose which was, he believed, inherent in the Christian conception of life and of man's duty. This view that Christians should strive through socialism to build a Christian community was the sieve through which were strained the generally accepted social and economic assumptions of the time. The division between classes, for example, which separates man from man not by criteria of worth but mainly by those of birth, was, for Tawney, not simply an unfortunate by-product of historical processes or a barrier to the more efficient use of human resources: it was an essay in blasphemy. Tawney, therefore, could find no comfort in the doctrine of equality of opportunity which was so fashionable in the nineteen-twenties and which, he said, merely provided 'equal opportunities for becoming unequal'.



Professor R. H. Tawney, whose eightieth birthday occurs this month

Equality of opportunity, he thought, was the lightning conductor of the acquisitive society, the real distinguishing mark of which was the devotion of its members to the acquisition of wealth. In a society which was both socialist and Christian men would be preoccupied by the discharge of their social obligations, judging economic activities by the social purposes which they served rather than by the profits which they earned and the dividends which they distributed. This was not, of course, a new doctrine within the Labour movement. The Christian churches, especially the Nonconformist ones, had played a considerable part in its intellectual development. It had been Keir Hardie's constant theme, both in speech and in sermon, that a Christian society could only be achieved through socialism; he argued that socialism was no more than practical Christianity. What distinguished Tawney's contribution was not only the moral and intellectual elevation of the argument. It was also that he rooted it in history by relating the emergence of the acquisitive society to the supremacy of the doctrine of inalienable rights, above all those relating to property, over the doctrines of function and social purpose. For him the tragedy of English history was that 'in the eighteenth century both the state and the Church had abdicated that part of their sphere which consisted in the maintenance of a common body of social ethics; what was left of it was the repression of a class not the discipline of a nation'.

When Tawney looked back, therefore, he argued that the insistence on rights which had dominated the eighteenth century politically and the nineteenth economically had been disastrous. In place of rights he wished to establish the principle of function so that the activities of industry might be judged by their success in discharging social purposes, and not by the criteria of the stock exchange. Such a change, he thought, could not be brought about unless the economic life of the country ceased 'to be conducted by the agents of property owners for the advantage of property owners'. The capitalist economy should be replaced by a system which, within a framework of public supervision, put the responsibility for maintaining economic services on the shoulders of those who did the work, whether scientists or labourers.

To this end Tawney wished to see industry organized as a profession in which, freed from the lash of the drive for profits and the irritant of lavish standards of consumption for the few, the workers would combine to ensure that their work was performed effectively within a general context of social purpose. The idea of function was crucial. Tawney believed that if men always asked: 'What is the purpose for which economic resources are being used?' they would come to see that economic activity was a means, not an end, and that it could be judged only by the effectiveness with which it satisfied human purposes. Such a criticism is fundamental. That, in *The Acquisitive Society*, it was applied to capitalism was, in a sense, incidental for, as we shall see, when Tawney turned his gaze from the Christian Commonwealth to the prospect of his own society he knew that much more than a Labour government would be needed to slay the materialist dragon. He wrote of the acquisitive society: 'The appeal of this conception must be powerful, for it has laid the whole modern world under its spell'.

With the use of such an ethical yardstick it is not surprising that Tawney's analyses of the economy and of society were often over-simplified and his prescriptions often such that no politician, with his eye on the electorate, could conceivably adopt them. But if this was a weakness, it was also a strength, for his insistence on the ethical basis of socialism, his very lack of concern with the small change of politics, provided a glimpse of a Christian Commonwealth that inspired many of his generation who did not in the least share his religious views. 'Inspired' is not too strong a word; there was revolution in the air at that time.

It may certainly be objected to this that it was magnificent but not politics. Tawney, for example, wrote within a context which assumed, if not as a matter of theory then as a fact of common observation, that the class war was both the basis of political organization and the key to the understanding of the relationship between employer and worker. That assumption was, in many respects, a valid one for the years after the first war when Tawney was writing *The Acquisitive Society* and *Equality*, but it created

a serious problem for him. Political prescriptions, based on a conception of Christian duty and on a moral principle of purpose, fitted most uneasily into a political system which parted heads mainly by reference to their social origins and social standing. Such a method of classification, based primarily upon interest, inevitably produced strange bed-fellows, especially in the party of change and reform, and Tawney's belief that what Labour lacked was a creed did not appeal to politicians who were striving to create some kind of common front among the diverse and straggling ranks of the Labour movement. To say, in such circumstances, as Tawney did, that 'the gravest weakness of British Labour . . . is its lack of a creed; . . . a movement, like an individual, cannot build its existence round an internal vacuum', was surely to over-simplify the problems of the mass party and to close one's eyes to the difficulties of a politician's life.

Producers and Parasites

It is also the case that any line of division drawn through society in accordance with an ethical principle is unlikely to coincide with the lines which society draws for itself and with which politicians in their electoral activities are called upon to grapple. By now it is a well-worn point that the class structure of the early years of this century was a transitory phenomenon and that its passing is the main reason for the crumbling of the Labour Party which was founded upon it. But for Tawney, although he wrote powerfully about the sociology of class, the crucial and fundamental distinction was the one which separated 'those who serve from those who merely spend'. This division between producers and parasites can be readily provided with an ethical basis but it has not been often discernible in social groupings nor has it been of much importance in the every-day world of politics. The brain-worker, for example, who was rightly seen by Tawney as the key figure in the organization of industry as a profession has so far not chosen to ally himself, either politically or economically, with his fellow workers against those who 'merely spend'.

The main reasons why the managers and technicians have disappointed the hopes of socialists, Tawney among them, are social: in the main, they have accepted, not surprisingly, the capitalist embrace. But there is also an economic reason which helps to explain, too, why the upper and middle classes have shown so little resentment at the invasion of their ranks from down below. No one now complains, as did Dean Inge in the nineteen-twenties, that educating members of the working class beyond their station took 'bread out of the mouths of the sons of professional men'. This dilution of capitalist society has proceded without friction because the very rapid expansion in the material wealth of this country has gone hand in hand with a more than corresponding rise in the number of opportunities open to men of ability. This expansion of opportunity by leaving most men on a rather higher rung of the economic ladder than the one on which they started has diminished social jealousies and assuaged the passions of unfulfilled ambition without terrifying the upper classes. But this whole process of economic expansion has been largely based on that growth of productivity which Tawney, either in a capitalist or a socialist context, distrusted so much, for he believed that men were likely to worship such growth not as a means to an end founded on a social purpose but as an end in itself.

It was precisely at this point that Tawney parted company with most of the socialists of his generation who based their case for socialism on the inability of capitalism to deliver the material goods of life on the scale which the existing machinery of production had made possible. Almost to a man, in the inter-war years, socialists argued that public ownership on a large scale was the only way to expand production rapidly, eliminate unemployment, and make possible the achievement of social security. To Marxists and non-Marxists alike, especially after 1931, the impotence of capitalism was a presupposition of political discussion. Many of their arguments have, therefore, been invalidated by the evidence of the past two decades or so that the capitalist system can be made to work more or less satisfactorily. But it is not merely that capitalism has been made to work or even that a new generation of industrialists has been more conscious of responsibilities to society than was its predecessor. Much more important is the fact that the power of the democracy and its insistence on a high level of taxation has combined with a rejuvenated economy to make possible enormous strides in the fields of education, health and social security.

What we have, therefore, is a society, labelled the Welfare State, which is still fundamentally capitalist but which, nevertheless, has brought about many of the changes that most socialists once thought could be achieved only under socialism. The confusion which this state of affairs has created among the intellectuals of the left is only too evident at the present time. But Tawney's contribution to socialist thought is hardly affected by these great changes. For him it cannot be enough to have replaced the acquisitive society by the affluent one; what has changed has been too much on the mere surface of politics. Futilities, he wrote, 'are not more edifying in a million wage earners than when displayed by a handful of monopolists, speculators, and urban landlords'. Public ownership was always, for him, a means and not an end, which was quite capable of perpetuating many of the worst evils of the existing society if it did no more than put management by state bureaucrats in the place of management by capitalists.

In Tawney's eyes the quality of personal life was paramount, and this in turn was determined by the sense of obligation and the fixing of purpose which arose from participation, in the fullest meaning of the word, in economic and social life. He reflected that the principal characteristic of the social mechanism was that it was not a machine, and that men alone, not the inexorable force of historical necessity, decided their own destinies. But because Tawney put so much emphasis on the importance of the ordinary man and the need to ensure that he participated in the making of decisions which affected his life, his ideas have been difficult to incorporate in the policies and organization of a socialist party in the middle of the twentieth century. 'In the interminable case of *Dubb* v. *Superior Persons and Co.*', he once wrote, 'I am an unrepentant Dubbite'. But, so far, the secret of carrying on our political and economic life without recourse to Superior Persons has eluded us.

We are left then, after a socialist government has come and gone, with a society which has been permeated rather than transformed; and it is the case that the politics of permeation, although they are necessary and often productive of considerable benefits, are almost always corrupting to the permeators; the compromises of middle age drive out the clear conceptions of youth. The value of Tawney's work largely derives from the fact that it was hardly at all concerned with the prospects of immediate change. *The Acquisitive Society* and *Equality* provided not an agenda for action but a vivid and noble statement, from a Christian viewpoint, of the ethical basis upon which, it was Tawney's faith, the claims of socialism rested. The amelioration of the condition of the working class since the nineteen-twenties has scarcely affected their impact. They still stand as an extremely powerful denunciation of the class basis of collectivist capitalism and as a clear and magisterial statement of the theme of social purpose which is a permanent element of socialist thought. It is only one element. There are many socialist doctrines, some of which are inconsistent with others; few have laid as much stress as did Tawney's on the moral roots of socialism.

Life Transcending the Purely Material

When the time comes once more for the left to erupt, the social and economic structure of this country will be submitted to fierce and critical scrutiny just as it was in the 'twenties and 'thirties. When this happens there will surely be many who will draw inspiration from Tawney, as men did in the earlier period, attracted to him by his passion for equality, his belief in the dignity of man, and his conception of a life which transcends the purely material. It cannot be expected that they will succeed even in carrying their own party, they will fail in part as their predecessors of Tawney's generation failed—and yet their role is crucial for, without such men, stirred by faith and conviction, a party of the left cannot take fire. For Tawney the faith and conviction were rooted in Christianity. Looking beyond the world of politics he saw, what for him was fundamental, that 'the name of the materialist devil is legion. In the war against him no final victories are won'.—*Third Programme*

The Mask and the Face

By NAOMI LEWIS

NO one, except the really innocent young, goes about with a naked face. An athlete, perhaps, in the last few yards of the mile. . . . But even the infant's stony impassive stare may be a cover for thoughts it is best that we do not know. The extraordinary thing is that nobody can be sure if the face that he shows to the world is a mask or the genuine thing. *Whose* face do we see in the glass?

No Private Mystery for the Public Figure

This is clear at least: the old idea has gone that the formal face you showed to the world was the real one. As a result, no popular public figure is allowed to preserve the mystery by which he lives. What, the newspapers ask, is your hero like at home? Two children, mother, and garden and dog—why, he's just the same as yourselves. And it is not only the gifted and great who are presented to us in this inverted way. Here is a youth in a court of law who has placed a knife in a passer-by, and before removing the cash has applied a broken bottle to his face for good measure. Yet how often the words can be heard in court, like an incantation or charm: 'He is such a good boy at home'. If your knifer has worked on a larger, a national, scale, the words hardly change: 'He was such a good father'; or else: 'He loved little children and animals. He painted in water colours'.

Perhaps we should look for a moment at earlier times. Jane Austen's novels are entirely concerned with the surface behaviour of ladies and gentlemen who had the full length of the day for mannered social exchange. Yet it is through this surface behaviour alone that we know the cast as we do. In a modern novel, we know how people behave chiefly through what they *think*. But do we learn any less—any more—from the one or the other?

In the fabulous mid-Victorian world, the range of masks was precise. They suggested your age, your social position, your place in the family hierarchy: unmarried daughter, oldest son. They were also obligatory—especially for financial dependants of the leisured classes: servants, women, children, and the deserving poor. When it comes to it, most of the novels are about the problems of wearing the thing: *Jane Eyre* gave enormous offence because it described a governess adopting the heroine's face.

Lord Orford to the Norwich Bible Society

The men, as you may imagine, did best with the business of masks. The principal model was one that seemed wise and mature; it suggested authority. It would not be fashionable now. It can be seen at its best in a row of paintings by Watts of some of the more eminent literary faces, noble and bearded and sage. Assumptions about the titled face beneath the titled mask were naturally easy to make; but they could lead to misunderstandings. The Norwich Bible Society invited Lord Orford to be its President. He answered splendidly:

> Sirs. I have long been addicted to the Gaming Table. I have lately taken to the Turf. I fear I frequently blaspheme. But I have never distributed religious tracts. All this was known to you and your Society. Notwithstanding which you think me a good person to be your President. God forgive your hypocrisy.

Victorian women were in a different position. The female mask was meant to suggest obedience, innocence, passive acceptance of a world so oddly arranged. Often it fitted very badly. Take Florence Nightingale's case. In her early thirties she was still at home, still wearing the mask of virginal daughter, without will or taste of her own. When she tore the mask off, for it would have killed her, she still felt guilty towards her appalling father and mother. Then, having put off one permissible mask, she had to assume another. An administrative genius, of terrifying and forceful personality, she was now set down as a ministering angel, whose hands touched nothing less delicate than—a lamp. Elizabeth Barrett, later to be Mrs. Browning, had her own caustic comment to make on this:

> Every man is on his knees before ladies carrying lint, calling them 'angelic she's', whereas if they stir an inch as thinkers and artists from the beaten line [that is, from the mask]—involving more good to general humanity than is involved in lint, the very same men would curse the impudence of the very same women. . . . I do not consider the best use to which we can put a gifted and accomplished woman is to *make her a hospital nurse.*

I have outlined these old simplicities to show how confusing, by contrast, the whole situation is today. I suppose that in no time of history have people been so much urged to 'be themselves', to *express* their own personalities. Children in art classes have been known to fall into nervous convulsions under the strain of the thing. And yet, especially in the urban United States there are social conventions enough, and it does not do at all to diverge. While the pattern of ordered life becomes more rigid—of income and work and number of children, and evening and weekend play—the more the conformers turn to psychiatrists to see what is under the mask. Sometimes it seems the same face, then an infant's face, and the next thing is nothing at all.

Favourite Attitudes

Over here, the compulsions are less; but it may only be that the range of masks is more. Except for a few non-conformists the adolescent young wear the conventional mask of the rebel. Language itself is an attitude and disguise: the flying man's jargon; every form of slang. It usually covers emotional terms or solemnities. The father-mask may be out, but mothers, at the moment, are fashionable. Other attitudes in favour today—with adults, I mean—are the nephew, the urchin, the little girl who knows everything; the one who knows nothing at all. I have tried out at times the role of orphan myself. These things have nothing to do with technical qualifications. When clergymen choose to appear in civilian clothes, they are only using the popular mask of *non*-mask. Some women graduate wives have been known to look in the glass and fancy they see there a thwarted Dora Copperfield, deprived by education of the chance to get out. They write sad letters to the newspapers about their lost ignorance, in a scholarly hand.

These mask-inversions can be seen today in a number of traditional roles. Study the face of someone employing a servant, and of the servant who is being employed. Which has the look of the master? Which is the diffident one? In matters of human affection and love, anyone who has been involved will know the curious versatility of the mask. Which of the two wears the mask of the giver? Which is the one who takes? Even the wearers themselves can be deceived.

I would like to consider a particular mask which covers, perhaps, the largest number of human situations: that of the victim. Of course, to be a genuine victim is never advisable—whatever the agent may be, a lover, a borrower, a lying friend. For it is a sad but basic fact that the offender never forgives. The offender, in fact, may quickly assume the victim's mask; it is generally one that fits. As for the victims of history—Anne Boleyn, Guy Fawkes—they really have no luck at all. Popular imagination rejects what makes it disturbed. In our own time how many people are moved by or even believe in what happened for years in the camps of Belsen and Dachau?

So don't be a victim if you can possibly help it. But to *feel* a victim, to assume the mask, is another matter. It permits, if you do it boldly enough, an entire refocusing of circumstance. The mask of the misunderstood will always be popular; it is so comfortable to wear. Haven't you tried it yourself?

This is surely why, in one guise or another, the fable of Cinderella has had such a long and compelling fictional life. It

is probably the most significant of all the myths. However much the details have been vulgarized by time and the English climate, it still remains the absolute triumph of the misunderstood. Yet, if you think about it, there is something fallacious in the commonly accepted version of the tale. Except to the person who wears it, the mask of the misunderstood has a considerable absence of charm. A girl of Cinderella's reputed looks and type, insipidly pretty, the youngest, too, would not have been toiling away in a chimney corner. If she *had* been sitting there, keeping warm, more probably she would have been dreaming over the film magazines, or the women's weeklies, while her sisters—good-looking perhaps, in a severe unpopular way—were attending committees, or going to evening classes, or maybe to the Festival Hall. Such little girls, if they apply themselves, can usually count on getting hold of a prince of sorts. But somehow, the very prettiness of the picture makes one suspect the validity of the mask. *I* don't think that mask was a fit any more than the shoe, except in a fireside dream. The truth may be that Cinderella, downtrodden all right, and *neglected* by the fairy godmother (as so many of us are) *was really the ugly sister after all.*

And this takes me back to the question I asked myself at the start. Is the surface we show in our daily affairs, as busman, commissionaire, minister, or physician, of no importance at all compared with the face we wear at home? Could the formal and public face after all be the genuine one—and the private domestic one the conforming mask? How we do what we do—the selling and buying, the painting, the acting, the organized murders—this is the distinctive and personal thing; by this we should be judged. It is in the home that convention really lies, and sentiment sets it fast. Then *whose* is the face that looks back at me from the glass? Perhaps it is best not to think.—*Home Service*

Early Pressure Groups

The Russia Company and the Bank of England

By NORMAN HUNT

PRESSURE groups which make the most noise today are frequently the ones with the least influence. The really powerful pressure groups operate silently, behind the scenes. So it was in the eighteenth century. Consider, for example, the Bank of England and the Russia Company at the time of Sir Robert Walpole. Both these groups got pretty well all they wanted from Walpole's Government, but they never made any public fuss; and most people, even the politically informed, remained blissfully ignorant of Walpole's concessions.

Samuel Holden's Influence

The silent success of both groups owed much to one remarkable man: Samuel Holden. He was Governor of the Bank of England from 1729 to 1731, and throughout the seventeen-twenties and seventeen-thirties was its leading Director. At the same time he was also the most powerful figure in the Russia Company which he served as Governor for twelve years until his death in 1740. We have already met Samuel Holden in his other capacity—as Chairman of the Dissenting Deputies Committee*; in that role he was conspicuously reluctant to run a noisy public campaign for the repeal of the Test and Corporation Acts. This was because by inclination and experience he preferred the back-stairs approach, which served the Bank and Russia Company so magnificently. Here his skill was supreme. He was on friendly terms with Walpole, was M.P. for the Cornish rotten borough of East Looe, was 'vastly rich' and lived at Roehampton. By nature cautious, practical, and upright, he was one of those fortunate men whose devotion to the national interest produces the maximum private and personal profit. Not unnaturally, his commercial success bred personal enemies. In his lifetime he was variously accused of betraying his fellow Dissenters and defrauding the Russia Company. When he died in 1740 he left £80,000, a widow, two maiden daughters, and strict instructions that 'what of my estate may exceed £60,000 (exclusive of Land) be distributed in charitable uses at the discretion of my wife and children such as promoting true religion, sobriety, Righteousness and Godliness'. Such cautious provision for charity and religion at death was characteristic of the man who had devoted his life to the prudent and discreet service of commerce and finance.

The quietest and most brilliant of Holden's achievements were as Governor of the Russia Company. Ever since receiving its Charter of Incorporation from Queen Elizabeth in 1555 the Company had had a monopoly of the English trade to Russia. By the eighteenth century it had ceased to be a joint stock enterprise, but every Englishman who traded with Russia had to be a member of the Company. It was the Company's job to look after the interests of its members and by negotiations with the Russian and British governments secure the most favourable conditions possible for their trade. This was no easy task in the eighteenth century. There were enough hazards in such a long-distance trade to daunt all but the most intrepid of British exporters. In addition to the natural hazards there were the Russians themselves—a formidable obstacle to profitable trade. They had a nasty habit of disappearing into the fastnesses of their country when the time came to settle their debts. They were especially skilled at disguising stones, wood, and other rubbish as bundles of hemp. Their government was also a problem, especially as its actions were so unpredictable. In 1713 Peter the Great suddenly ordained that all trade in future should be concentrated at St. Petersburg instead of at Archangel. Earlier he had just as unexpectedly put a special tax on the trade: and he had the regular and disconcerting habit of removing men and guns from the British ships for his own use.

The records of the Russia Company give a vivid picture of these difficulties. Some time ago I had the exciting good fortune to find these records in a London office when most historians had long ago concluded they had not survived. Besides giving us a glimpse of all that was involved in the Muscovy trade—the drama, the prosaic routine, the constant risk, the men of honour, the rogues and the sharks—the records also have their amusing side-lights.

Tactless References to Peter the Great

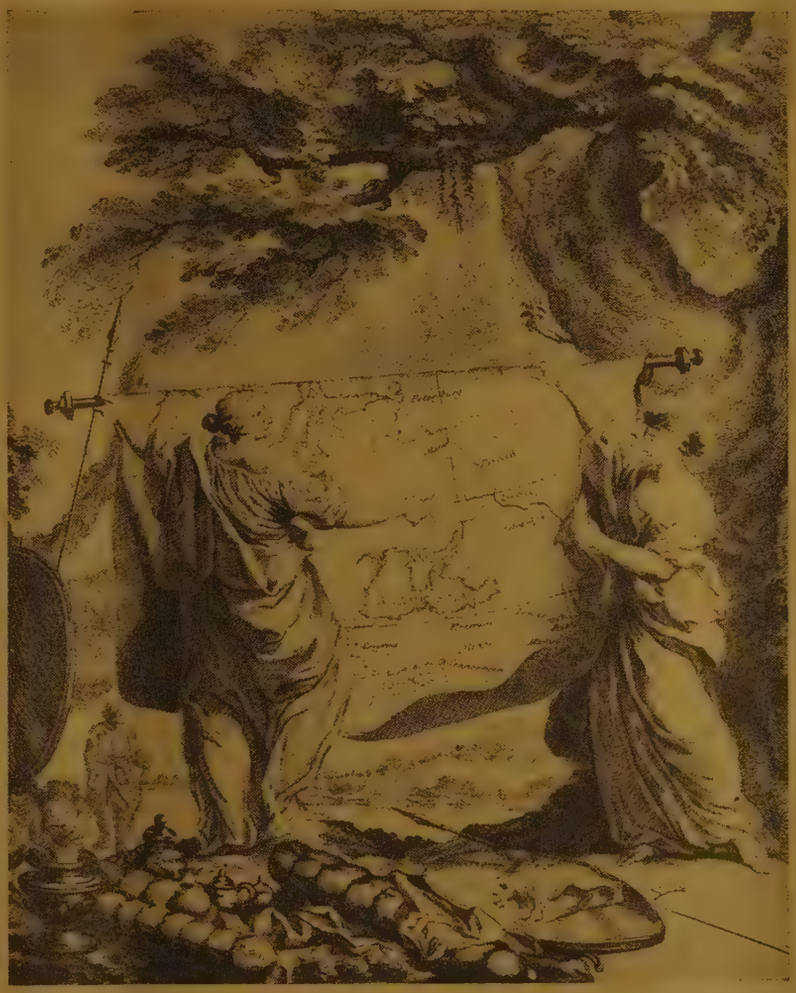
There was the occasion, for instance, in 1713 when the Company discovered to their horror that an English pamphlet had just described Peter the Great as 'Royal Butcher rather than Christian Monarch' and 'a raging bear out of the unbounded forests of Siberia'. Immediately the Company begged Secretary of State Bolingbroke to take action against the author of the pamphlet lest Peter should react by expelling the British merchants. There was, too, the nice description of the Russian soldiers clad in uniforms made of Prussian cloth. The Prussian cloth was of such inferior quality that it 'does not hold its colour for six months together, but one colour changes into two or three different colours, as for instance, the Green partly remains, part turns sky blue, and the rest quite discharges and turns white, and the Red and Blue grow quite white'. The Russian Army must have presented a very mottled appearance and it must have looked somewhat bedraggled too, since it was also alleged that 'the soldiers suffer very much from the damp and the rain, as the water sokes more into this cloth than any

* See Dr. Hunt's talk published in THE LISTENER on October 20

other, and makes their cloathes more of a burthen and inconvenience to them on a march than an advantage'.

It was this allegedly inferior Prussian cloth, though, which produced a crisis in the affairs of the Russia Company in the late seventeen-twenties. In 1724 the Prussians ousted the British from their monopoly of clothing the Tsar's Army. The Prussian success had its origins in the gift of a $2,000 jewel to the right favourite at the right time; and the subsequent inroads the Prussians and the Armenians made into the Russian market were very much due to special privileges which the Russians granted them but withheld from the British. As British cloth exports declined the Russia Company's future looked gloomy indeed.

At this point Holden went into action. In January 1730 he visited the Secretary of State, Lord Townshend, discussed the Company's problems, and recommended an Anglo-Russian trade treaty as the only way of salvaging the Company's fortunes. The obstacles to the kind of treaty the Company wanted seemed extraordinarily formidable. The proposed treaty was in conflict with the strongly prevailing mercantilist sentiment of the time; those who wanted to see the colonies, and not Russia, produce all the flax, hemp, naval stores, and potash Britain needed would certainly oppose it. So would those who still condemned trade with any country from which Britain imported more than she exported; and the Company openly admitted that there was already a considerable adverse balance of trade with Russia, which the treaty eventually substantially increased. The projected treaty also involved a violation of the Navigation Acts, at that time hallowed by three-quarters of a century of tradition. It seemed likely, too, that the East India and the Levant Companies would come out in vigorous opposition. From the Russian end, the obstacles were equally forbidding. The Russians did not want a trade treaty anyway—and certainly not one which gave all the advantages to the British.



'Britannia and Persia holding up a map of the routes from London to Persia': frontispiece to the first volume of *An Historical Account of the British Trade over the Caspian Sea: with a Journal of Travels from London through Russia to Persia*, by Jonas Hanway, Merchant, which was published in London in 1753 and dedicated to the Russia Company

In spite of all these difficulties, Walpole's government quietly persisted through five years of determined negotiations. It did so basically because Holden convinced Walpole that what was good for the Russia Company was good for Britain too.

This was true as far as the Navy was concerned. Britain was still dependent on the Baltic for naval stores. The policy of building up the colonies as an alternative source of supply had not met with much success. So when Holden drew attention to the Company's trading difficulties he was in effect and in fact saying that these were jeopardizing national security. The national interest was also at stake when so much of the Russia Company's anxiety was due to the serious decline in British cloth exports. It was not only the profits of Russia Company merchants that were being reduced. The landed men who produced the wool and all those involved in its manufacture were also vitally affected. A government concerned for the national welfare was naturally impressed by this aspect of the Russia Company's case.

But, curiously enough, the really powerful stimulus which drove Walpole's government to press on against all the odds and conclude the treaty did not come from the Russia Company at all: foreign policy was the determining factor. From this point of view, the commercial treaty was simply the by-product of clever British diplomacy. Here the position was that Britain badly needed a diplomatic rapprochement with Russia in the early seventeen-thirties. Russia was keen, if there was to be such a rapprochement, to make it a close alliance which would include a British guarantee of the integrity of the Russian dominions. To this Britain could never agree. Walpole realized that the way out of the impasse was an Anglo-Russian commercial treaty which would be obvious evidence of the friendly relations between the two countries, but which would not involve any British commitment to defend Russian territory. In the end, Walpole got his way and the trade treaty was at last signed on December 3, 1734.

Yet, in all this, the role of Holden and the Russia Company was absolutely vital. Samuel Holden and his colleagues had frequent consultations with the Commissioners of the Board of Trade, and with Walpole himself as occasion demanded. Not that Holden was exerting any obvious pressure. He simply put forward the idea of a commercial treaty and showed how this would serve the national interest. He provided all the necessary information and constant general advice. Without this the treaty could never have been concluded. So great was the government's reliance on the Company that it took no single step without consulting the Company first; and as the negotiations progressed it sought to carry out fully the policies the Company was advocating—so that in the end the Company's demands were virtually all fully met. Indeed, the final version of the treaty was, in all fundamentals, exactly what the Russia Company had proposed in the first instance. As a result Anglo-Russian commerce increased by 600 per cent. in the next fifty years.

Before the fall of Walpole the Company registered a second big success. In 1741 it got the Navigation Act modified. This was to enable it to take advantage of one of the concessions of the 1734 treaty and develop a bilateral trade with Persia across Russia—a trade in which the Persian market would absorb English cloth and the Russia Company merchants would bring back to England Persian raw silk. The 1660 Navigation Act prevented the immediate exploitation of this concession—for that act required all foreign merchandise to be brought to England direct from the country of origin. Until the act was amended, it was plainly illegal for the Company to import Persian raw silk by way of Russia.

Before the Russia Company succeeded here, it had to beat off a spirited and public attack from the Levant Company. The battle was decided in parliament. But the Russia Company triumphed, not because it made more public noise but because what it wanted was in the national interest and because it had the Board of Trade on its side. Careful and quiet preliminary liaison with the principal

The Bank of England, Threadneedle Street, in the eighteenth century

members of the government was what counted in the end.

The most powerful and successful of all the eighteenth-century pressure groups—the Bank of England—preferred to work in this way, too. During Walpole's time it substantially achieved all its chief political objectives. Unlike the Russia Company, however, it was handsomely represented in the House of Commons. A hundred M.P.s held Bank stock—on an average about £4,000 each yielding an income of approximately £220 a year. This is the equivalent of an income of about £2,000 a year today; so it was certainly enough in the eighteenth century to give these M.P.s a close interest in the Bank's welfare. The 'Bank' M.P.s sat on both sides of the House, two thirds supporting Walpole, and one third, including Tories like Hynde Cotton and Velters Cornwall, voting with the Opposition—a distribution which was a useful check on political rancour. The Bank directors never organized this Bank representation: there was no Bank party. But Samuel Holden and the other four or five Bank directors in the House were nevertheless the acknowledged leaders.

In 1737, for instance, Sir John Barnard proposed in the Commons that the interest on the National Debt should be reduced from 4 per cent. to 3 per cent. and that the £1,000,000 available in Walpole's Sinking Fund should be applied to reducing the amount of the National Debt held by the Bank. Holden, ably assisted by the other Bank directors and other holders of Bank stock, rose to condemn Barnard's suggestions. The Bank M.P.s were loyal to their dividends and the proposals were duly defeated.

But this is not quite half the truth. The power of the Bank was not primarily due to its parliamentary representation. Much more important was the fact that the Bank and the government were vitally dependent on each other at this time. The Bank transacted indispensable financial services for the government; it managed a large part of the National Debt; it underwrote the regular short-term loans the government raised; and it was always ready to provide the government with more funds to meet any emergency. Only a foolish government would have jeopardized its good relations with the Bank. On the other hand, the Bank was vitally dependent on the government. All its annual profits distributed as dividends came from the government in the form of interest payments on various loans. Some of these loans bore an exceptionally high rate of interest. The government could also, if it thought fit, threaten the Bank with the annual £1,000,000 which the Sinking Fund was yielding for debt reduction. It was for the government to have the last word in renewing the Bank's monopoly charter—1742.

Sober and practical men like Sir Robert Walpole and Samuel Holden recognized this community of interest. Both saw the virtue of turning national debt into national investment. Both recognized that the nation's finances were better arranged by private friendly discussion than by acrimonious public debate. The City and the government mutually profited from this approach. So did the country—for community of interest was here synonymous with the national interest. This is the key to understanding the role of the Bank in eighteenth-century government politics.

It was the basic explanation of the successes of the Russia Company, too. The Russia Company got what it wanted because its aims were largely identical with the policies the government considered most advantageous for the country as a whole. Walpole rightly favoured the Company when in so doing he was solving Britain's diplomatic, naval, and general economic problems. When the Russia Company's main export was woollen cloth, there could be no division between the landed men and the men of commerce. The landed men who produced the wool wanted to see the country's cloth exports increase just as much as did the merchants. There was one concession the government did not grant to the Russia Company: permission to import raw wool from Ireland free of duty. Irish wool, the Russia Company believed, would then be cheaper than the corresponding English product, and the Company's merchants would thus be in a strong position to compete with the low-priced Prussian cloth in the Russian market.

As pressure groups, then, the Russia Company and the Bank enabled the government, primarily composed of landed men, to promote the national interest. So here the often suspect backstairs method was certainly not being exploited against the public good. Instead, these invaluable contacts between the men of government and the practical men of commerce and finance induced in both sides a greater mutual tolerance and respect, and ultimately a heightened sense of personal and public responsibility. This was just as important to the evolution of British democratic practices as the contribution the Quakers and the Dissenting Deputies were making when they concentrated on the very different techniques involved in mobilizing public opinion and Members of Parliament. Democracy needs an informed administration as well as an enlightened public.—*Third Programme*

Remembering Fireworks

Always as if for the first time we watch
The fireworks as if no-one had ever
Done this before, made shapes, signs,
Cut diamonds on air, sent up stars
Nameless, imperious. And in the falling
Of fire, the spent rocket, there is a kind
Of nostalgia as normally only attaches
To things long known and lost. Such an absence,
Such emptiness of sky the fireworks leave
After their festival. We, fumbling
For words of love, remember the rockets,
The spinning wheels, the sudden diamonds,
And say with delight 'Yes, like that, like that'.
Oh and the air is full of falling
Stars surrendered. We search for a sign.

ELIZABETH JENNINGS

The Literature of Cricket

By DAVID SYLVESTER

This talk was occasioned by the publication of 'The Cricketer's Companion' (Eyre and Spottiswoode, 25s.) edited by Alan Ross, an anthology of poems, stories, and articles about cricket

MR. ALAN ROSS is a long way from being the first acknowledged English poet to have a love of cricket, to have played it well, and to have written about it. He differs from most of his predecessors in being a hard-boiled, self-conscious, offhand sort of poet, determined not to think in the usual clichés about the glories of English outdoor life and tribal customs. So for him cricket is something to be looked at realistically and not romantically. And in this he is typical of present-day cricketing men of letters. There are several poets and painters and scholars of my acquaintance who play cricket as well as watch it, and the point is that they play it as if they were bank clerks or civil servants or travelling salesmen: they don't play a special sort of literary men's cricket.

There *is* a kind of literary men's cricket, the kind which was so killingly satirized in A. G. Macdonell's *England Their England* and which consists in getting together a whimsical sort of side to drive out to the country and take the field against the local village team, very late, slightly drunk, and a man short. This kind of cricket is rooted in the period when aesthetes and hearties were complacently entrenched in opposite camps, so that if an aesthete did anything mildly hearty he had to make a show of not taking it seriously; at the same time, to placate the hearties, he had to make a show of not taking his aestheticism seriously either. The present-day cricketing man of letters does not have this problem. He can be an unashamed aesthete and an unashamed cricketer. This is the kind of attitude that Mr. Ross, who is of course one of the ablest of cricket correspondents as well as a poet and travel writer, has brought to compiling his anthology of writings on cricket. And it is certainly the best such anthology to have appeared.

It contains, for all that, little of much literary interest, eight or ten items perhaps, and these less among the poems and prose fiction than among the articles and autobiographical pieces. It is clear that, if one were aiming simply to compile a book of the best cricket writing, nine-tenths of it would have to be cricket journalism or memoirs as distinct from would-be literature. Mr. Ross, however, has aimed at covering the whole scope of writing about cricket, and the interesting thing that emerges from his choice of poems and stories and chapters from novels is that, although this is as catholic as it could possibly be, the range of themes which have been exploited is curiously narrow.

Here are the themes which constantly recur: the exciting finish, of course, and just as inevitably, the early batting collapse followed by a recovery; the waywardness of lady luck; the picturesqueness of English villages and English eccentrics; bad umpiring; the pleasures of drinking beer; the magic of great names, Miltonically declaimed; regional pride, and pride in the old school; the clashing of classes (for instance, the village versus the visitors from London; the village versus the squirearchy); less commonly, people from different classes playing together; the meeting of youth and age, one bowling at the other, or batting in partnership; nostalgia for the heroes one saw as a boy, and for those who played before one was born; contempt for technical over-elaboration—the 'Come off it! It's only a game!' line. Finally, to enumerate the four stereotypes of batsmen-heroes, the simple uninhibited hearty hitter; the middle-aged plodder with no shots and an impregnable defence who saves the side when they're in trouble; the quiet thoughtful one who looks as if he wouldn't hurt a fly, wears flannels of almost too exquisite a cut, and flays the bowling to all parts of the field; the dedicated rabbit, who lives for the game and ruefully knows that he will never be any good at it.

The sort of prose composed from these themes has mostly been comical or sentimental, the verse mostly light. And the comical prose and light verse is more often arch than funny, even in the hands of Rex Warner and Siegfried Sassoon. But a chapter from L. P. Hartley's *The Go-Between* shows how themes like these can give occasion for subtle, accurate, serious treatment of the human relationships involved in cricket. Again, some of these themes are blended in one poem of extraordinary magic, or rather a single stanza of extraordinary magic, which is both the first and last verse of Francis Thompson's poem, *At Lord's*:

> It is little I repair to the matches of the Southron folk,
> Though my own red roses there may blow;
> It is little I repair to the matches of the Southron folk,
> Though the red roses crest the caps, I know.

The two lithographs reproduced on this page were drawn by G. F. Watts to illustrate the principles of correct batsmanship

For the field is full of shades as I near the shadowy coast
And a ghostly batsman plays to the bowling of a ghost,
And I look through my tears on a soundless-clapping host
As the run-stealers flicker to and fro,
To and fro·
O my Hornby and my Barlow long ago!

The nostalgia for the past, the incantation of names, the regional pride. If they have been given a strange magic here, I do not think it is because they were fresher themes when the poem was written than they have since become. I think it is because the very fact that they are sentimental themes is the point of the poem, so that the poem is not a piece of sentimentalization about a game but a marvellous evocation of what it is to feel sentimental about a game.

Hard Reality Ignored

What is peculiarly lacking from imaginative writing about cricket is any serious treatment of the hard reality of the game as it is played. English village cricket is a tiny part of cricket today, yet it almost monopolizes the literature of a game which has possibly been written about by English poets and novelists more than all other games and sports put together. Club cricket, besides being the most agreeable form of cricket there is both to watch and to play, is a fascinating microcosm of southern English urban middle-class life, with all its jealousies and rivalries and snobbery and the peculiarities of its relations between the sexes. It is full of material for the novelist of middle-class life, but it has not been exploited at all so far. What is more remarkable, perhaps, is how thin the literature of professional cricket is. Here is a stanza from a poem by Mr. Ross himself which tunes in to the mood of county cricket as it is played. The poem is *Cricket at Brighton*:

Piers like wading confectionery, esplanades of striped tulip.
Cricket began here yesterday, the air heavy, suitable
For medium-paced bowlers; but deck-chairs mostly were vacant,
Faces white over startling green. Later, trains will decant
People with baskets, litter and opinions, the seaside's staple
Ingredients. Today Langridge pushes the ball for unfussed
Singles; ladies clap from check rugs, talk to retired colonels;
On tomato-red verandas the scoring rate is discussed.

The picturesque again, yes. But what is admirable about these lines is their echo of the rhythm of cricket as it is played, the routine, in all its enrapturing drabness, of day-to-day county cricket. It is just the routine, the indifference to time, that gives county cricket its charm. This is what comes out in *Cricket at Brighton* and in very few other poems or stories about cricket. Stories about professional cricket are few and disappointing. Another recently published anthology, *Great Stories from the World of Sport**, includes a short story by John Arlott about a pro. from which one would never guess that Mr. Arlott writes about real cricket and cricketers with an evocative precision exceeded only by Neville Cardus.

An Innocent Sort of Recreation

It is a fact that by and large the sports and games which writers of prose fiction have really got their teeth into are blood sports, such as bull-fighting, hunting, boxing, or gambling games, like roulette, cards, horse racing (drawing money being almost as exciting as drawing blood). In the first place these sports have a rich psycho-pathological content, whereas cricket is an innocent sort of recreation involving little more in the way of mental sickness than mildly retarded emotional development. In the second place, there isn't so much at stake in cricket. The winning or losing of a particular match ceases to have an intense importance once the game is over. The losers will live to fight another day: defeat hasn't the finality of a hot favourite losing the Derby, an aging heavyweight champion losing his title, a gambler losing his fortune, let alone a *torero* losing his life. Therefore, however excited we may get when involved, as players or spectators, in a close finish to a real game of cricket, we can't feel very worked up about the outcome of a fictitious cricket match, as we can about that of a fictitious fight to the death.

Furthermore, cricket fiction is inhibited by the knowledge that cricket fact can be so much stranger than fiction would ever dare to be. Mr. Ross's anthology includes several reports of matches with finishes so preposterous that as fiction they would only do for prep school boys. And it omits what is I think the most fascinating finish of all, when Australia won a Test and the Rubber against West Indies after losing nine wickets for 220 in the final innings leaving 38 to get: the last pair got the runs while the whole fielding side went to bits, and one of the world's greatest bowlers left the field before the end in tears. Yet it *is* remarkable that the kind of thing of which this is an example hasn't greatly inspired writers of cricket fiction—I mean the fact that although in terms of actual performance cricket is a game of individual achievement, paradoxically there is no game in which team spirit matters more. What cricket fiction has dwelt on is not the drama of team psychology but its unchanging background of ritual.

Playing cricket I have often felt a peculiar satisfaction in performing its various little rituals, the odd procedures one has to go through again and again—taking guard, backing up, changing position in the field between overs, acting as part of the chain which returns the ball from wicket-keeper to bowler. We learn these things at school and enjoy doing them because it makes us feel for a moment that we are like the others. And though as adults we realize that in fact the others are like us, we still get a kind of solace from going through these absurd motions which help us to relate: to relate not only to others here and now but to all the generations who have gone through the same motions. We participate in a continuity.

In the country-house match in L. P. Hartley's *The Go-Between*, the 'I' describes a game in his boyhood in which he was twelfth man. Someone is injured, and to his embarrassment he has to go out to field. But: 'Gradually my nervousness wore off and a sense of elation took possession of me. I felt at one with my surroundings and upheld by the long tradition of cricket'. So there is the sense of security got from relating in terms of time, and also the sense of security got from relating in terms of place: 'I felt at one with my surroundings'.

White on Green

This feeling of oneness which we feel on the cricket field does not relate only to our immediate surroundings but to an idea of England as a whole. We all know what characterizes England. England is green as America is vast or Greece is hard. The true heraldic colours of England are white on a green ground—the white of race-course rails on green, the white of flannelled cricketers on green. In towns where most of the green has gone, the cricket field is a small island of green, a symbol of ideal England fast disappearing from reality. The urban cricket field becomes in our fantasy a village green, and perhaps this is why writers on cricket have neglected urban cricket and remained fixated on the myth of rural England.

The ritual on the green, the performance of traditional ceremonies in a setting where we feel an unaccustomed oneness with the land: it is our form of vegetation ceremony. As Norman Nicholson writes:

Here in a small-town game is seen
The long-linked dance of the village green:
Wishing well and maypole ring,
Mumming and ritual of spring.

Watching cricket from the Long Room in the pavilion at Lord's one is strangely insulated and alienated from the contest. The glass silences the sound of bat on ball and the noise of the crowd. And as one looks out through the window from a darkish room into light, the grass seems an unnaturally rich enamelled green. The white figures move intricately against this heightened green, soundlessly, and one has the strange impression that they are weightless wraiths. (It is as if one were watching a performance of *Les Sylphides* without music.) There is no contest, no urgency, only this long silent ritual; time is suspended. And Francis Thompson's poem becomes not a looking away from the game before him back to memories of boyhood but almost a description of what one is seeing here and now:

And a ghostly batsman plays to the bowling of a ghost,
And I look through my tears on a soundless-clapping host
As the run-stealers flicker to and fro,
To and fro . . .

—*Third Programme*

* Edited by Peter Schwed and Herbert Warren Wind. Heinemann. 21s.

Whose glass is shipped round the world?

Ten-year-old Stephen Quick is crazy about ships—and very knowledgeable, too. You'll find him—or a boy like him—at every vantage point on every river. Ready to tell you where the ships are bound and what cargoes they are carrying. And on the Mersey so many of them are carrying British Glass, Pilkington Glass, from St. Helens to every part of the world. For Pilkington Glass goes to nearly 100 overseas markets, and last year the direct exports of the Group totalled £12,000,000 —a contribution to British trade made possible only by the Pilkington Group's vast manufacturing resources and the scale of its overseas sales organisation.

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A City in an Oasis

EDWARD WARD on Ghardaia in the Sahara

GHARDAIA is one of the largest and most beautiful oases in the whole Sahara, and I was astonished when I first saw it. It was not the first oasis I had been to. A couple of years ago I spent some days in El Golea, a good deal further to the south and that, perhaps, surprised me more because, up to a point, I had shared what I think is a popular misconception about what an oasis is. I believe many people have in their mind's eye a group of date palms growing round a well with a few nomads and their camels sheltering from the sun beneath them, and perhaps a tent or two in the background. I know that is the kind of picture I used to have in my mind when I read about an oasis in the Sahara.

Even to come upon one of these little fictional oases after travelling for days, maybe, across blinding desert would be highly gratifying. But suddenly to see the green of Ghardaia's million date palms after the barren, tawny-coloured nothingness of the surrounding Sahara is an experience I would not have missed for the world. For the desert surrounding the canyon-like wadi of the M'zab, a deep-cut, almost perpetually dry watercourse round which five cities, of which Ghardaia is the largest, are built, is particularly forbidding, a wasteland of rocks and calcined pebbles called the Chebka which even by Saharan standards is appalling.

'A wasteland of rocks and calcined pebbles which even by Saharan standards is appalling'

It is owing to the fact that the valley of the M'zab runs, one might say, through a desert within a desert that Ghardaia and her sister cities were built in the first place. The people who founded the oasis and who still live there today are a sect of Muslims called Abadhites; nowadays they are called Mozabites because they live in the M'zab valley. They broke away from orthodox Islam shortly after the death of the prophet Mahomet on account of a dispute over the succession to the Caliphate. After leaving Arabia they settled in North Africa, but they were not long left in peace. The Arab invasion soon followed them, and for several centuries they were persecuted for their nonconformism and driven out of one place after another. By the eleventh century they had had enough of it, and they started to look for the least inviting, most desolate piece of the Sahara possible, where they stood a good chance of being left in peace. They hit upon the valley of the M'zab and decided they need look no further. There they started laboriously to dig wells and build their cities, the last of which was finished towards the end of the fourteenth century.

All these cities of the M'zab look much the same today as they must have looked when they were built, but the French have added a certain amount of comfort. I stayed, for example, in an extremely comfortable hotel in the outskirts of Ghardaia which had, among its other amenities, a wonderful tiled swimming pool at the end of the garden. A swimming pool in the Sahara seems an almost preposterous idea but in having one Ghardaia is not by any means unique. There are pools in several of the oases and a particularly fine one in the oil camp of Hassi Messaoud. After an early morning swim I climbed up the side of the valley to a point where you get a magnificent view of the city of Ghardaia, a city built up the slope of the valley on the other side in the form of a pyramid of little box-like houses, all painted in different pale colours, blues and yellows and greens and pinks, and at the apex of the pyramid the mosque with its tall, slender minaret, tapering to a point at the top like an obelisk. I walked down to the market place, a vast open space surrounded by arcades of shops. The market was in full swing, and I went first to call on the mayor to ask permission to take photographs. With much cordiality he invited me to go up to the roof of his house from which I watched the animated scene below. There were lines of camels, grunting in protest as prospective buyers examined them carefully. A camel is worth a fair amount of money these days, something over £200, and a camel merchant is up to just as many tricks as any horse coper. There were flocks of sheep and goats; there were donkeys loaded with bundles of firewood, tamarisk wood brought in from the desert and sold at enormously high prices because of its scarcity. There were stalls in the centre of the market place selling fruit and vegetables and meat, and under the colonnaded arcades the shops sold carpets and brassware and shoes and clothing. Many of these shops are owned by Jewish merchants. There is a large Jewish colony in Ghardaia, which has been there for centuries. Little, narrow streets radiate out from the market place and wind their way steeply up towards the mosque. These streets are teeming with people. I have never been able to discover what the population of Ghardaia is beyond the fact that it is bigger than any other Saharan town, but it must be many thousands.

I went to see another of the M'zab cities—Beni Isghen, the holy city of the Mozabites. This is an enchanting little walled city with the same box-like houses painted in pale colours. And it really is a holy city. No foreigner is allowed to stay in it after sundown—and by foreigner they mean anyone who is not a Mozabite. Abadhism is still practised in Beni Isghen in all its puritanism. There is not even a café there, for the good reason

that the drinking of stimulants such as coffee is forbidden. So is smoking. I left the car outside the walls and walked through the big gates and once again called on the mayor, who gave me a guide to take me through the city. The streets were so narrow that I could touch both sides by stretching out my arms. I had the impression of being in a city far older than the fourteenth century. Beni Isghen has the atmosphere of a completely biblical town, far more so than any place I have been to in Palestine. Old, white-bearded men wearing turbans sit in the doorways, looking like major prophets. I saw no women at all except for a few voluminous figures wrapped in thick white woollen robes, who scurried past sometimes, looking like moving bundles of blankets. They were all old women. Judging by the little girls some of the younger women must be extremely beautiful, but that is purely a matter of conjecture because one never sees them, even veiled. They stay permanently in their houses and never go out at all. They spend most of their time weaving the attractive, brightly coloured rugs for which Beni Isghen is locally famous.

Ghardaia from the market-place—

There is a Christian religious order in the Sahara called the Pères Blancs, which was founded in 1873, and which has missions in many of the Saharan oases. There is a mission at Ghardaia, and one day I called there. I found it in one of the narrow, winding streets. I rang the bell by a door set in the high wall. A young Père Blanc opened the door and welcomed me in. From a long room at the back of the courtyard inside I could hear children singing French songs. The Père Blanc took me to a small room, bare except for a table and wooden chairs, a crucifix on the whitewashed wall. It was deliciously cool after the blazing heat outside.

'I will fetch Père David', he said. A few minutes later a little old man of eighty-six came into the room. He had a straggly white beard, and in his white robes looked unbelievably fragile. But although physically he looked a frail old man, mentally he was as alert as a man thirty years younger.

'I have been here just sixty years', he told me. 'I first came to Ghardaia at the turn of the century. It is true that during that time I have been back to France three times, but apart from that I have been in Ghardaia all that time'. Père David said that when he first arrived things were very different. 'If the Mozabites are strict now—and they certainly are', he said, 'it is nothing to what they were sixty years ago, and even far less than that. When I first came, all they had for lighting were little primitive Phoenician lamps with the wick floating in oil. They would not use candles because they might have been made from the fat of unclean animals. No sugar, tea, or coffee was allowed, and smoking was absolutely forbidden'. The old man smiled. 'As for us, we used to brew our tea secretly at night like naughty schoolboys'.

—and a view of some of the sheep, goats, and camels offered for sale

Photographs: Edward Ward

Père David could not get anyone to teach him Arabic, let alone Mozabite. They said he wanted to steal their language. He used to wander round the streets listening to people talking. He carried a notebook and wrote sentences down phonetically, guessing the meaning of the words from the context—a hard way to learn a language like Arabic with its highly complex grammar. This went on until the first war, and by then the people had come to the conclusion that Père David and his fellow missionary were harmless people who only wanted to do good.

'So, by degrees, we started our little school', Père David said. 'At first it was very small, and the first parents who sent their children to us were deeply criticized. But then it was seen that we were not influencing the children against their religion and were turning them into good, well-behaved young people;

so it has now reached the point that we cannot cope with the demand. We have 300 children now, both Arab and Mozabite—about half and half—and we could have nearly double the number if we had room for them'.

I asked Père David if any of the children were Christians. He shook his head. 'In all those years', he said, 'I have never converted a single soul. What would be the use? It is hard enough to convert a Muslim. To attempt to convert a Mozabite would be hopeless. Even if I succeeded in an individual case the man would be ostracized; he would have to leave Ghardaia at once. And what good would that do? No, we teach the children here nothing that is contrary to their religion. But we give them a good education; and though we teach them nothing directly of the Christian religion they absorb many of our ideas indirectly. The outlook of our children is changing. We can see it in the grown-ups who have been to our school. And if we can do that I think we are accomplishing a great deal and doing valuable work'.

The *palmeraies*—as the French call the date palm plantations—of the M'zab are some little way from the cities. They are wonderfully green and cool. As well as the groves of date palms there are gardens where all kinds of vegetables grow and also flowers, and there are innumerable wells—something over 3,000 of them. Some are the original hand-dug wells, often going down more than 100 feet. I watched the raising of water from one of them. Above the well there is a pulley, and a path leads away from the well down an inclined plane, a little longer than the depth of the well. A large leather bucket is lowered down the well at the end of a rope and when it reaches the water the donkey walks down the inclined plane, drawing the rope over the pulley as it goes. Up comes the leather bucket which holds about ten gallons. When it gets to the top an ingenious second cord, also attached to the donkey, tilts the neck of the leather bucket and empties its contents into a reservoir at the well-head from which little channels lead to the land that is being watered. Down goes the bucket into the well again, the pulley whining and screaming, and the donkey—or sometimes it is a camel or even an Arab woman—starts on the monotonous journey again. It is a long, tedious process, and it seems even more so when, only a little way off, you come upon an artesian well that brings the water gurgling up to the surface under its own pressure without any effort at all—except that of drilling the well in the first place, maybe several thousand feet down into the ground.

In these gardens are what are called the 'summer cities'. There are countless little houses, all surrounded by high walls, which the inhabitants of Ghardaia and the other cities of the M'zab migrate to during the heat of the summer months. It must be a relief to escape from the sun-baked little houses of the cities and retreat to these refuges in the shade of the palm trees. But there is a saying that the date palms of the M'zab have their roots in the shops of Algeria, and it is a saying not so far from the truth. In spite of their piety the Mozabites are uncommonly good business men. They have almost cornered the grocery trade of all Algeria; you see Mozabite shops all over Algiers itself and in all the big cities and oases. Most of the young men emigrate from the M'zab at an early age to make their fortunes in commerce and return only rarely, for short visits, until they are old men, when they come back to spend their last years in peaceful retirement and to die there. The cemeteries of the M'zab are unbelievably large. Their womenfolk, on the other hand, scarcely ever leave the valley, and their babies are always born there. On account of the long absences of the fathers and their rare appearances in the M'zab, there is a convenient law whereby it is understood that a woman takes two years to have a child, which solves what might otherwise be an exceedingly difficult problem.

However, all these expatriate merchants send money back to the M'zab and that is why it is such a particularly beautiful oasis. Without the subsidies that come in from the grocery stores of Algeria this cultivation of such naturally sterile land would not be economic because the cost of bringing water to it is so high. But the Mozabites make it a point of honour to keep up the plantations and gardens which their ancestors created at the cost of such devoted hard labour, though it may well be that far more water flowed down the M'zab valley in their time than it does today.—*Home Service*

The Influence of Insects on History

By J. E. TREHERNE

INSECTS interfere with the affairs of man in a multitude of ways. Through the centuries they have devoured his crops, carried diseases to him, and destroyed his cattle. This destruction has usually taken the form of a general attrition, constantly limiting our human resources. But in some cases insects have exerted a clear-cut and decisive effect on our human activities, so much so that they can be said to have changed the course of history. What I want to discuss here is the influence that two groups of insects, both of them carriers of disease, have had upon our human history.

It is distinctly possible that one of these groups, the anopheline mosquitoes, may have played a part in shaping the very origins of our European civilization, because it has been suggested that these insects exerted a most remarkable influence in the history of Ancient Greece. It seems fairly certain that mosquito-borne malaria was present in Greece during the fifth century B.C. The Hippocratic writings contain descriptions of symptoms that are identical with those of present-day malaria. The Greeks were, for example, familiar with the swelling of the spleen among the inhabitants of marshy regions. By about 400 B.C. malaria is thought to have been endemic throughout wide areas of Greece.

This period coincides with the decline of Greek civilization, and the theory has been advanced by a classical scholar, Dr. W. H. S. Jones, that this decline was due in part to malaria. According to this idea both the decline in physical and mental excellence and the depopulation of the country are explained in terms of the wide prevalence of this insect-borne disease. It is argued that in malarious districts the more enterprising and intelligent inhabitants sought healthier surroundings elsewhere, leaving a residue of socially less valuable individuals. The Greek cities, being as a rule less affected by the anopheline mosquitoes, tended to absorb large proportions of the agricultural classes with, it is suggested, a consequent decline in the national well-being. These ideas are certainly in accord with the accounts of Hippocrates of the rather unintelligent and retarded individuals inhabiting low-lying and almost certainly mosquito-infected districts. The extensive emigration of the Greeks to Alexandria is also accounted for in part by this theory, because during the third century B.C. Alexandria was, we believe, free of malaria. Certainly if the proportion of inhabitants suffering from malaria in Ancient Greece was similar to that in nineteenth-century Greece then it is difficult to see how this disease could have done other than seriously debilitate the ancient civilization.

While the mosquito may have contributed to the decline of Ancient Greece it seems, paradoxically, to have been the protector of Rome. Cicero, for example, in the *De Republica*, mentions with approval the choice of Romulus in establishing the city in a healthy place surrounded by fever-ridden areas. All the available evidence leads to the conclusion that this fever, the 'summer disease' of the Roman countryside, was in fact malaria. According to the famous Italian malaria expert, Angelo Celli, the malaria mosquito dominated the country round Rome during four great periods of recorded history: at first during the fifth and sixth centuries B.C.; during the fifth to seventh centuries A.D.; again

during late medieval times; and finally from the seventeenth to the late nineteenth century. During these periods agriculture subsided and most of the land became waste. Whether this decay in agriculture was caused by malaria or whether the disease resulted from the disruption of the countryside by war and social upheaval is difficult to decide. But, whatever the cause, the important fact is that once the disease was established the Roman countryside remained for centuries in the grip of malaria; so much so that during these times successive foreign invaders found it impossible to take possession of the city, for almost invariably the invading armies were stricken while the Romans survived.

The 'Roman Fever'

The mosquitoes which carried death to the invading armies also took their toll of strangers within the city and the Vatican. A succession of foreign bishops and Popes are said to have died of the 'Roman fever' during the eleventh and twelfth centuries. Then in 1590 Sixtus V died of malaria and in the same year his successor Urban VII perished from the disease carried by mosquitoes into the very conclave preceding his election. At a subsequent conclave in 1623 it is said that no fewer than eight cardinals and thirty secretaries died from malaria.

Malaria has, fortunately, almost receded from Europe and no longer orders our human affairs, but even so more than a third of the world's population remains exposed to the risk of infection. In India alone it is estimated that 1,000,000 people die each year from malaria. For this reason the present drive of the World Health Organization to eradicate malaria before the mosquitoes become resistant to modern insecticides may, if successful, prove to be one of the most important events in the history of our time.

But it is in Africa that, more than in any other continent, insects have affected the course of human history. Indeed it is not impossible that the static and unprogressive history of Africa, which makes such a striking contrast with that of Asia, may be largely conditioned by a relatively small number of insect species.

One of these effects can be seen in the history of the Bantu migration southward towards what is now the Union of South Africa. Until the arrival of the Portuguese in Africa in 1500 the rate of progress of the Bantu migration southwards has been estimated to have averaged approximately one degree of latitude per century, that is about seventy miles. The Portuguese records show that by 1500 the Bantu migration had reached Delagoa Bay, that is about 26 degrees South. A hundred years later they had advanced well beyond this point and by about 1650 Bantu were encountered by ship-wrecked people as far south as present-day Natal. We do not know the pace of the inland migration, but it has been conjectured that it was probably in advance of the coastal movement.

But there is one curious feature about this migration and this is that for some time the Bantu centre apparently remained stationary, while on either flank the two wings kept moving forward. Moreover, from what is known of the rate of migration it seems that the central portion of the Bantu front had remained at this latitude for about three centuries before the arrival of the Portuguese in 1500. According to the conclusions of the South African scholar Dr. B. H. Dicke the cause of the delay of the Bantu penetration of Northern Transvaal was the second of the insects I am going to discuss: the tsetse fly. Before the turn of the last century this insect occurred as a belt stretching across the North Transvaal and the land north of it running along the Limpopo River. Presumably this terrain had been so occupied for many centuries and it was not until the end of the sixteenth century that the pressure of fresh invaders from the north is thought to have sent the Bantu through the fly belt into the Transvaal. So for about four centuries this particular species of insect profoundly affected the history of this part of Africa.

Effect of the Tsetse Fly on Communications

The tsetse fly has also shaped the white man's history in South Africa. When the whites first moved north from the Orange River the most direct route, as has frequently been pointed out, was that through the Transvaal. Cecil Rhodes himself was aware of this route and realized the great advantages it offered in convenient water and grazing for draught animals. During the campaign against Lobengula, and again during the subsequent Matabele rebellion, supplies and troopers passed along this route through the Transvaal. Nevertheless, despite all these natural advantages, the road that was developed northwards from the Orange River was the one through Bechuanaland—the same route that was followed by the Bantu on the western wing of their migration south. This route used by the pastoral peoples over the centuries was, in its turn, followed by the railway which also ran northwards through Bechuanaland. One force which helped to mould these lines of communication was the tsetse fly, for this insect held sway across the Transvaal's north, effectively preventing movements dependent upon draught animals. It seems fairly certain that this insect, which the early travellers were so anxious to avoid, was in fact the species known as *Glossina mortisans*. Besides transmitting sleeping sickness to man, it is also responsible for carrying the organisms that cause nagana in horses and cattle.

The tsetse fly may also have influenced the extent of the various territories in southern Africa. In 1837 Moselekatse, having failed to destroy the white man north of the Orange River, was himself driven across the Limpopo by the Boers and ten years later was decisively defeated in Southern Rhodesia. The Great Trek had also brought voortrekkers across the Vaal River to the frontier of Bechuanaland where they came into conflict with the Christian chief Sechele, defeating him in 1851. But in neither of these cases did the Boers follow their usual practice of occupying the defeated enemy's country. Again it has been suggested that a decisive factor was the fly belt in the region of the northern Transvaal. Because of the disease nagana, supply lines were uncertain and any settlers would have been effectively isolated in the conquered countries. Furthermore, as B. H. Dicke has pointed out, with Moselekatse and Sechele defeated, Khama's Bamangwato country situated in between would have been ripe for occupation by the Boers. But in this case too the native peoples were saved by *Glossina mortisans* which threatened the Boer's lines of communication.

What Might Have Been

During the second half of the nineteenth century the tsetse fly belt in the northern Transvaal contracted, owing to the combined effects of colonization, the shooting of game, and also the large outbreaks of rinderpest which destroyed the wild-animal reservoirs of disease organisms. But by the time the tsetse's domain had contracted, British influence had gained a footing in Bechuanaland and Southern Rhodesia. So, if the tsetse fly had not been in the region of the north Transvaal in the middle part of the last century, both Bechuanaland and Southern Rhodesia might have become part of the Union of South Africa.

It seems likely that the tsetse fly may have played a larger part in the history of Africa than I have outlined. On circumstantial evidence, for example, it has been suggested that this insect limited the penetration of Africa from the east coast by the Arabs, who were dependent on the horse for transport. Also, the late Professor Buxton has pointed out that although Europeans have traded with West Africa for five centuries there was little penetration of the interior until the nineteenth century—and even this was only achieved at an enormous cost to life and health. The effect of this insect barrier can perhaps be inferred from the fact that the exploration of the north of Nigeria occurred not by the short route from the west coast but by caravan across the Sahara.

With the constant development of new methods of pest control the insects that have, over the centuries, caused so much tragedy and wastage of human resources are gradually being reduced. It is possible that eventually some of the worst of the insect pests may be eradicated so that their effects on human societies pass into history. Then, perhaps, it will be possible to see more clearly the effects that a relatively small number of insect species have exerted among all the other factors that have determined the pattern of human history on this planet.—*Network Three*

The Middle Dutch classic *The History of Reynard the Fox*, as translated into English and printed by William Caxton in 1481, has now been edited with an introduction and notes by Donald B. Sands (Oxford for Harvard University Press, 30s.).

B.B.C. NEWS HEADLINES

October 26—November 1

Wednesday, October 26

A delegation from the motor industry has a meeting with the Chancellor of the Exchequer

The Nobel Prize for Literature is awarded to St.-John Perse (M. Alexis St. Léger Léger), French poet and diplomatist

Thursday, October 27

The Bank rate is reduced from 6 to 5½ per cent.

More floods inundate the West Country

The report of the Ingleby Committee on children and young persons includes the recommendation that the minimum age of criminal responsibility should be raised from eight to twelve years

Friday, October 28

Fourteen changes in the Government are announced; Mr. Julian Amery succeeds Mr. George Ward (who is resigning) as Secretary of State for Air

More than 140 university professors and lecturers are dismissed in Turkey

Mr. Randolph Churchill is awarded £1,500 plus costs in a slander action brought by him against Mr. Gerald Nabarro, M.P.

Saturday, October 29

The Minister of Aviation, Mr. Thorneycroft, announces that Britain has put forward a proposal that France and other European and Commonwealth countries should co-operate in a project to launch heavy satellites into space

A Greek Cypriot is shot dead in a street in Limassol, Cyprus

Sunday, October 30

Cuban militiamen are mobilized in Havana, after Dr. Castro accused the United States of 'aggression'

Lord Waldegrave, Parliamentary Secretary to Ministry of Agriculture, tours flooded areas of Devon and Somerset

Monday, October 31

It is announced that the Archbishop of Canterbury will pay a visit of courtesy to the Pope in Rome next month

Persia celebrates the birth of an heir to the Shah

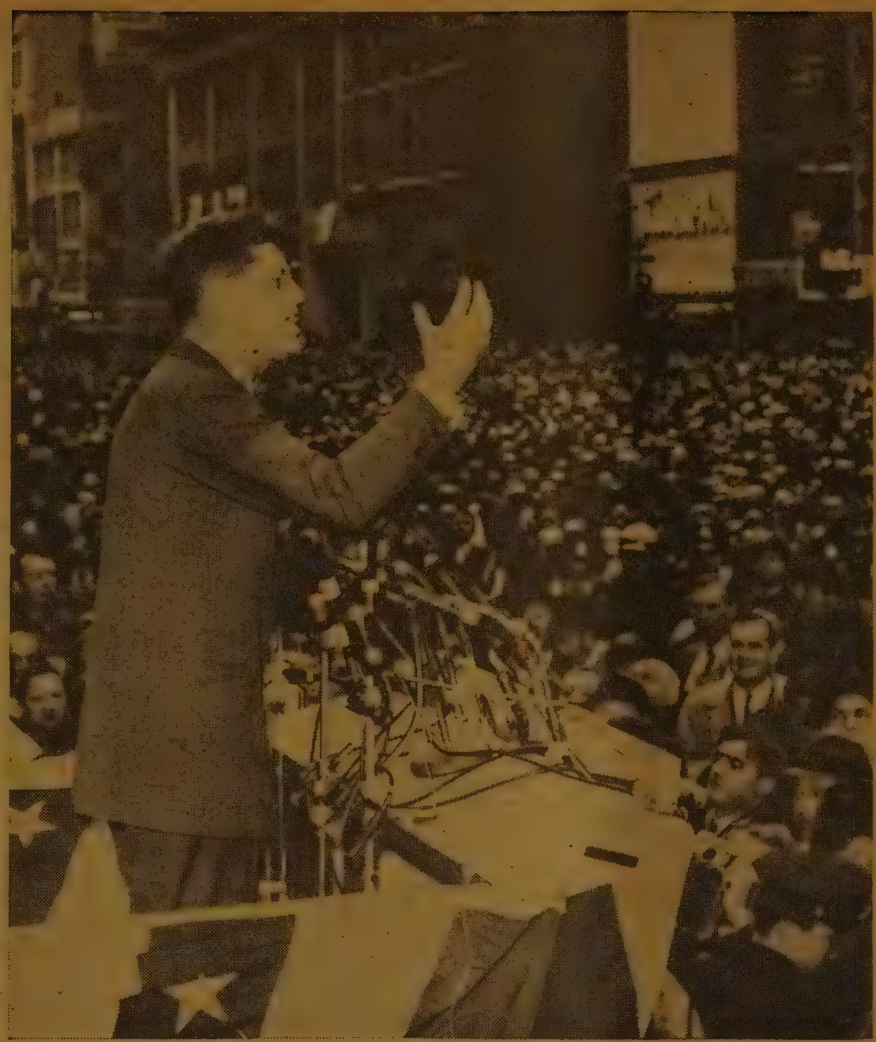
Ferhat Abbas, the Algerian Nationalist leader, says that the latest French attitude makes impossible any negotiated solution of the Algerian war

Tuesday, November 1

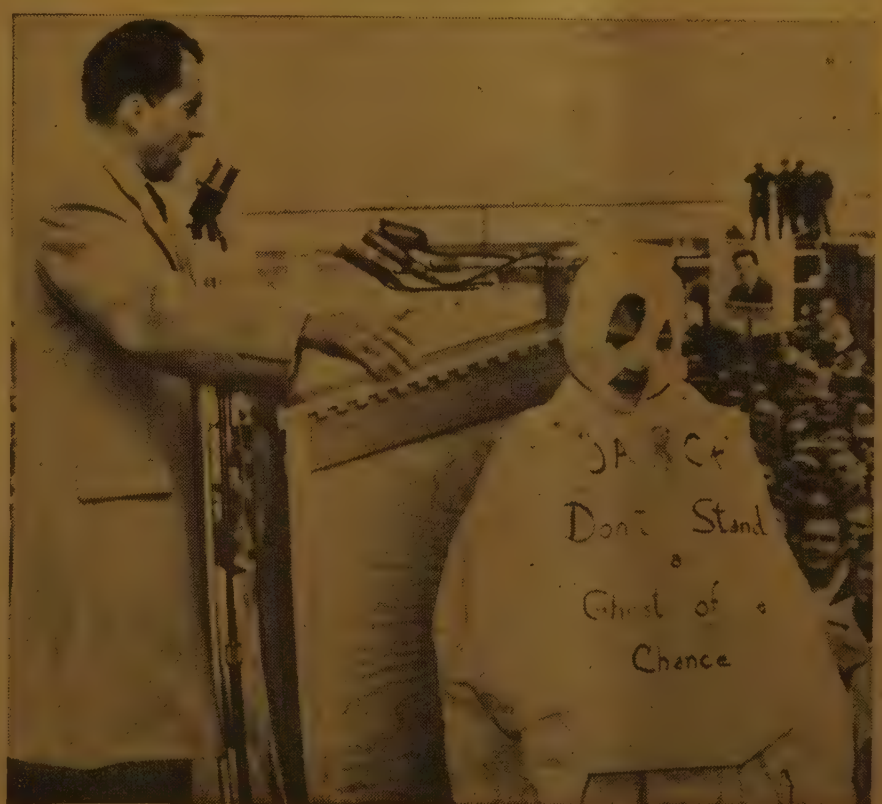
Prime Minister announces in Commons that American submarines carrying Polaris missiles are to have a base in the Clyde

Increased pensions promised in the Queen's Speech; other legislation to provide for educational expansion and changes in the penal code and licensing laws

Storms cause damage in different parts of England



With the approach of the American Presidential election on November 8, the political campaign has entered its last stages. *Above:* Senator John Kennedy, the Democratic Party candidate, addressing a crowd in Seventh Avenue, New York City. *Below:* Vice-President Richard Nixon, the Republican Party candidate, speaking at Chicago airport. Standing by him is a young supporter; the slogan on his costume refers to Senator Kennedy. (See also page 767)



Supreme champion of th
week: Markyate Bontje
Chandl

The scene in the Japanese Lower House in Tokyo as the Deputy Speaker, announced the dissolution of Parliament on October 24. A general election is to be held in Japan on November 20

Her Majesty the Queen driving with the Duke of Edinburgh in the Irish state coach to open the new session of parliament on November 1

Dairy Show, held in London last
itish Friesian owned by Mr. H.
n, Bedfordshire

An aerial view taken last week of flooding round Exeter after days of continuous rain. The Exeter by-pass runs from left to right across the photograph; the River Exe is on the left, Exeter Canal is on the right. It was the wettest October since 1903

Left: a new type of powered sweeper for roads which may eventually replace the road sweeper's broom and bin. It is equipped to pick up anything from dust to empty bottles and it sprays disinfectant as it goes. The machine has been purchased by Southwark Borough Council and was photographed during a demonstration at Elephant and Castle last week

Sir Walter Scott and Livy

By R. M. OGILVIE

HISTORICAL NOVELS TODAY are under a cloud. The reading public, brought up on a strict diet of sex and science, prefers to take its history undiluted—in the form of unexpurgated memoirs and frank biographies. The common attitude to historical novels is that of one of Jane Austen's characters in *Northanger Abbey* who is made to protest: 'I read them a little as a duty but they tell me nothing that does not either vex or weary me. The quarrels of kings on every page. The men all so good-for-nothing and hardly any women at all—it is very tiresome—and yet I often think it odd that it should be so, for a great deal of it is invention such as the speeches that are put into the heroes' mouths, their thoughts and designs'.

In saying this Catherine Morland was being untypical of her age. Her protest would have puzzled and shocked her contemporaries; for at the beginning of the nineteenth century historical novels were the rage. *Waverley* and *Rob Roy* made Sir Walter Scott both rich and famous, but what was chiefly remarkable was that his popularity as an author was not confined to the educated and fashionable classes. We might have expected the Prince Regent to toast the author of *Waverley* and Byron to send him as a token of esteem a silver urn full of Athenian bones. It is much more touching that a Sheffield cutler offered his employer a week's wages to be allowed to keep a card inscribed 'Walter Scott, Abbotsford', or that at the sound of the name a troop of the Scots Greys broke ranks.

A 'Historian' with Invention

There has only been one other period when historical novels have enjoyed a comparable vogue and brought to their authors such widespread renown, and that was the last century of the Roman Republic. The greatest of them was Livy. Of course, Livy did not write what we would call novels: in form his *History of Rome* is a continuous narrative stretching over seven centuries, not a span of history encapsulated in the life of an individual. But in every other respect Livy was a novelist. Like a novelist he subordinated historical precision to the demands of character and plot. He indulged freely in invention and imagination in order to present a living picture. He would have disclaimed the title of a 'historian' in the modern sense. He had no wish to spend long years burrowing for irrefutable but trivial facts and to secure himself against criticism by burying them again in unreadable monographs. Like Scott, he wanted to be read, and he wanted the public to enjoy reading him. His success was immediate and universal; he became a classic.

It is odd that today Scott is hardly read except by the very old or the very young, and Livy even less so. How are we to account for this eclipse? For that matter, how can we account for their previous popularity and their position as classics? They are both, of course, far too long. In a refreshing burst of sanity the crazy Caligula complained that Livy was verbose and the poet Martial protested that he had not enough shelf-space for the complete works. Only a quarter of the entire history survives, but even that is about the size of twenty full-length modern novels. Scott too, writing for more leisured times, has long stretches which have been branded as 'tedious longueurs'. But a generation which can read with avidity a dozen war-memoirs running to 600 or 700 pages each should not be put off by mere length. Or it may be that we have been so deadened by violence that Scott's adventures are no longer thrilling or exciting.

Novels on Remote Civilizations

A more profound reason may be the fact that the only historical novels which are popular today deal with periods and people about which we know virtually nothing. The Cretan civilization, of which we have a few legends and a scattering of archaeological remains, has inspired at least one widely acclaimed novel: *The King Must Die*. The less luminous years of the Middle Ages inspired the best-selling *Daughter of Time*, and, no doubt, there would be a good market for a book with a title like 'I was one of Genghis Khan's generals'. We know too much nowadays about the well-documented periods of history to be able to stomach unhistorical accounts, however exciting and well written. But at the end of the eighteenth century, as at the close of the Roman republic, there was a widespread interest in the past, unaccompanied by widespread or specialized learning. People were hungry and curious but their appetites had not been cultivated to take serious memoirs, biographies, or histories, even if scholars had had the equipment to write them. Gibbon did not enjoy the celebrity of Scott.

What made these two, Livy and Scott, recognized classics when so many others who were exploiting the same market are completely forgotten? Consider their background and their technique. They are curiously alike. Both were middle-class provincials on the make. Livy came from a non-senatorial family in Padua, a city which had suffered heavily in the civil wars. He was born perhaps in 64 and so would have been twenty when Caesar was murdered. His social position and his youth precluded him from ever having known the Republic in action. It was to him a rosy myth, like the golden age before the Great War. He gained the friendship of Augustus but clung to a romantic affection for Cicero and Pompey, the last of the Republicans. His rise from provincial obscurity to imperial favour enabled him to comprehend the complexity of Rome's progress to world domination without losing sight of the homely, simple things which appealed to unsophisticated readers.

Scott says of his own birth that 'according to the prejudices of my country, it was esteemed gentle, as I was connected with eminent families both by my father's and mother's side'. But Scott, it must be confessed, was a snob. His grandfather was a cattle-farmer, his father was a well liked but incompetent country attorney. Scott himself began his career as a Clerk of Sessions in Edinburgh, with a circle of able and well-connected friends which he had formed at the university. It was from these origins that he was to emerge as the champion of the Highland chiefs and Border barons and to mingle in the most distinguished society of his age. In his case, too, the humble origin and country background gave him a breadth of vision that could depict with equal conviction the gipsy Meg Merrilies and the noble Montrose. Above all, both suffered from incurable fancy, perhaps because they could never adjust themselves to their new environment. They felt themselves born out of their proper generation and made up for it by creating from the quiet of their studies the world they would have liked to live in. Day-dreaming you might call it; but it produced magnificent literature.

The first requirement of a historical novel is that the reader should be made to feel at home. If the scene and the time of a novel are wildly different from your own, you have to be gently broken into it. Scott does this by making the descriptions of actions up to date. In describing a journey or a landscape, a banquet or a battle, he uses the language of his time. Whether the story be set in medieval France or Stuart England he makes it seem like 1820. The account of Ellangowan and its laird at the opening of *Guy Mannering* has nothing in it to suggest that the story deals with a period a century before Scott wrote. He makes it seem as if it all happened just yesterday. Livy had less latitude because his narrative was less descriptive, but whenever he has to tell of a conspiracy or a public meeting he does so in terms that will remind the reader instantly of a recent event—the Catilinarian conspiracy or one of the stormy debates before the civil wars.

Reliance on 'Stuff'

But if Scott or Livy had left it at that there would have been nothing 'historical' about the books. It would be like *Macbeth* acted in modern dress and translated into Cockney slang. To give the impression of remoteness, the patina of age, most authors rely on what Joyce Cary called 'stuff'. You know the kind of thing: 'As her palfrey pricked along the way, with the sun's fair rays falling upon her silken tresses and damasked kirtle, Alice betook herself to reverie. "Marry", quoth she . . .' Unbelievably precious and Anglo-Saxon. At least part of what puts Livy and Scott on a plane by themselves is that they avoid this pitfall. Scott solved the difficulty by the dialect which he gives his characters to speak. He invented a mode of speech which is at once romantic and natural, for all that his sternest critics castigated it as 'a dark dialect of Anglified Erse'. In his Scottish novels the dialect conforms to no precise district or epoch, but is what an Englishman might find plausible and convincing. 'Hout tout, man', says Dandie

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Dinmont, 'I would never be making a humdudgeon about a scart on the pow'. Or listen to Meg Merrilies: 'I kenn'd he behoved to dree his weird till that day came'. No one ever spoke like that, but it sounds right, it gives the right atmosphere of the past.

The Timely Archaic Word

Livy could not do exactly the same. The conventions of Roman literature did not permit him to put the dialogue into dialect but by the judicious insertion of a poetical or archaic word into the speech of an old-time hero he produces a similar effect. Coriolanus is greeted by his mother at the gates of Rome with poignant expressions of high tragedy. They might be translated something like this. 'Couldest thou pillage this country which brought thee forth and fed thee? Did not thy anger abate when thou camest into these confines, though thou wert so revengeful and resolute before?' Or when Tarquin apologizes for being late for a meeting by pleading that he had had to arbitrate in a dispute between a father and a son, the coarse and impetuous Turnus Herdonius scorns his excuse by exclaiming: 'The son's duty is to obey his father; if he doesn't he'll be in for a drubbing'. The vulgar archaic word 'drubbing' —*infortunium*—is a clever touch of realism that transports the reader into imagined antiquity.

These two devices, the contemporary setting and the archaic language, make good reading but bad history. Scott and Livy share another characteristic. The style of most authors is depressingly monotonous. It is left unmoved by excitement or sorrow. But with them, when, say, a battle approaches, the pulse quickens, the blood runs faster. Scott unconsciously harks back to the style and rhythms of the Border Ballads. As has often been illustrated, at moments of high excitement his prose falls into clear four-stress sections like a ballad line. He did of course write good poetry of this kind himself. So with Livy. Rome's early battles evoked for him the struggles of the *Iliad*. Macaulay wrote of one of them: 'The Battle of Lake Regillus is a purely Homeric battle. I am confident that the author had heard of the fight over the body of Patroclus'.

No wonder, then, that there are so many passages and phrases which sound as if they could have been penned by Ennius or Virgil. The two historians were acutely sensitive to mood and the moods are mirrored in the astonishing range and variety of their style. Such variety goes far to explaining the vogues which they both enjoyed but it does not explain why they towered above their contemporaries and have been esteemed great writers. What other qualities have *The History of Rome* and *The Antiquary* or *Redgauntlet* which lift them out of the class of mere 'rattling good yarns'?

High, Moral Seriousness

Unlike their lesser rivals, Scott and Livy coupled to the purely literary qualities of artistic story-telling a high, moral seriousness. They believed that what they wrote captured something of real moral value, and an age which is turning with impatient curiosity to the past is likely to be an age preoccupied with moral enquiry. In making their stories deliberately instructive they were catering for the taste of their respective times. The reign of Augustus saw a profound religious reawakening. The conscience of Regency Britain was being stirred to far-reaching social and political reform. Livy prefaces his history by stating that its value should lie in the presentation of a series of moral parables. You read the tale of Appius Claudius and Virginia and are deterred from lust; you read the tale of Camillus and appreciate the importance of *pietas*.

This is not just hackneyed 'pi-jaw'. Many classical authors—Tacitus for one—used such sententious moralizing as a pretext for indulging in lurid sensationalism, just as a film producer might herald a degrading spectacle of low life as 'an important social document'. But Livy really held to his belief and would have met an answering response from Scott. 'His novels teach the practical lessons of morality and Christianity in the most captivating form—unobtrusively and unaffectedly'. Scott himself said that he hoped his works were 'wise and manly'. He found no pleasure in immortalizing evil.

You can see how deep-rooted was their conviction that history should be concerned with moral stimulation from the minor role played by women. Catherine Morland complained of the absence of women from history books, and it is an odd thing that the heroines of Scott and Livy remain little more than 'a toast to be drunk after King and Constitution'. You only see Lucretia, chaste and virtuous, spinning among her hand-maids or Virginia going modestly to school. Nor is Scott's psychology of sex much more profound. The character of Julia Mannering does not develop in the course of the whole novel from the synoptic description of her when she first appears: 'Piercing dark eyes and jet-black hair of great strength, corresponded with the vivacity and intelligence of features in which were blended a little haughtiness and a little bashfulness, a great deal of shrewdness and some power of humorous sarcasm'. Scott's heroines are card-board cut-outs. The reason is that, like Livy, he considered moral issues of more weight than the 'psychological niceties of the relationship between men and women'. In this the bulk of their readers concurred. They were too serious to be interested in women. Loyalty, patriotism, friendship: *moderatio, clementia, fides*: these are the problems their plots hinge on.

A Refreshingly Amateur Enthusiasm

By their combination of literary art and moral purpose Livy and Scott earned their position as classics—and rightly so. For they had a refreshingly amateur enthusiasm. Not for them that most academic of vices which esteems criticism above creation. And it is amusing to note that with so much in common they were rewarded with the same show of appreciation. Everyone knows how a man came all the way from Cadiz to Rome to catch a glimpse of Livy. There is a similar anecdote about Scott. A poor labourer from Galashiels walked to Edinburgh and waited outside Scott's house just to set eyes upon the author of *Waverley*. We may not read their works with the same ardour that those admirers did, but it may be some comfort to think that the cult of science is likely to bring back the conditions in which they will once again be rightly appreciated.

—*Third Programme*

Two Poems

Sonnetto

Whale out of water,
Parakeet in cage,
Hardly startle
Into wholesome rage,

But custom is
That fake astonishment
For fireworks for feathers,
Grandeur out of element.

What's now (that was a shout,
Clearly in place,
Shameless disgust
At heaven of its voice)

Is silence, or
Amusement in arcades;
Black-and-white banquets,
Or academic grades

Even things in element
Hardly startle, either:
Herons in loneliness,
Wheat in gold weather,

Lark in first orange,
Spider its splitting wall,
Moth in mysterious lanes,
Man in his fall.

H. W. MASSINGHAM

Sketch

Observe that Roman head
poised above its drink,
Augustan and distinguished:
benign, you think?

Watch it give an order—
the barman's nervous 'Sir?'
his sedulous approach
like a kicked cur.

The voice, the jussive eye,
and the brow's rampart—
all these buttress
an ungrown heart:

a dried pea in a whistle—
occasionally it shrills,
and then drops back to silence
on silver sills.

Compassionate this heart
shrieking from its throne
rather to be hated
than left alone.

RAYMOND GARLICK

Tennyson in Lincolnshire

By JOANNA RICHARDSON

ON SUNDAY, AUGUST 6 1809, a fourth son was born to the Rev. George Clayton Tennyson, Rector of Somersby and Bag Enderby, Incumbent of Benniworth and Vicar of Great Grimsby. Alfred Tennyson was born at Somersby Rectory, some twenty miles from Boston, in Lincolnshire. His mother was the daughter of a Lincolnshire clergyman. He went to school in Louth. He spent his summer holidays at Mablethorpe, close under 'the long low line of tussocked dunes'. He lived on, with his family, at Somersby, until they left in 1837.

Tennyson was, and remained, a Lincolnshire man. 'Not Virgil on the banks of the Mincio, or Wordsworth among the English lakes, was more content with the scene at his door'; and, as Arthur Hallam predicted to Emily Tennyson in 1831: 'Many years perhaps, or shall I say many ages, after we all have been laid in dust, young lovers of the beautiful and the true may seek in faithful pilgrimage the spot where Alfred's mind was moulded . . . Legends will perhaps be attached to the places that are near it . . . Critic after critic will track the wanderings of the brook, or mark the groupings of elm and poplar, in order to verify the "Ode to Memory" in its minutest particulars'.

A good many Tennysonians fulfilled Hallam's prophecy on October 29, and visited 'the spot where Alfred's mind was moulded'. The occasion was the opening, by Lord David Cecil, of the Tennyson Room at the Usher Art Gallery in Lincoln: a temple of the Tennysonian art. According to Sir Charles Tennyson, the collection is designed to illustrate the poet's personality, his life and family background, the range and sources of his poetic output, and his methods of work. This might seem an ambitious scheme to realize in one room; but the 366 exhibits, nearly all of them from the family collections, go a long way to fulfil the grandiose purpose.

We can see the Virgil inscribed 'A. Tennyson, *aetat* 9', that the schoolboy probably took with him to Louth; we can see the Catullus that he asked for shortly before he died. We may study first editions, manuscripts and corrected proofs, and follow, through drafts and letters and a photostat copy of *The Times* for November 14 1854, the genesis of 'The Charge of the Light Brigade'. A handful of letters from Tennyson's mailbag sets him brilliantly in his literary context: there are notes from Bridges, Browning ('with affectionate regards'), Dickens, Disraeli, Emerson, Conan Doyle, Thackeray, Mark Twain, and Lewis Carroll, and who else, one wonders could have opened a letter from Victor Hugo and another from Mrs. Browning over the morning toast and marmalade?

Two features of the exhibition recall the author of 'In Memoriam' with especial sharpness. One is the collection of *personalia*: the stub of Tenyson's pencil in a silver holder, the bottle which contained the eau-de-cologne he used for cleaning his pipes. There are three pipes and cases, a broken pipe, and, touchingly, a still unopened package of Durham Smoking Mixture dispatched by an American admirer (who should have known that the Laureate preferred Bird's Eye tobacco). Here are the cloak and hat made for Tennyson about 1840 (the cloak a trifle frayed round the velvet collar); and here, the symbol of the Eminent Victorian, is Tennyson's silk hat in its red leather case.

Tennyson with the family of the Hon. Charles Howard, at Naworth Castle, 1871: from the exhibition at the Usher Art Gallery, Lincoln

It is the cloak and hat, the walking stick, the visiting-card, and not the exhaustive footnote, the academic essay, that show us Tennyson plain; and we see him still more plainly in his correspondence with Queen Victoria. Tennyson seems to have charmed his sovereign with an almost Beaconsfield felicity. He showed his pious, fervent appreciation of Albert the Great and Good. He agreed to be Victoria's Poet Laureate 'in the room of William Wordsworth, Esq., deceased'; and she thanked him, in her own impulsive hand, for 'the ode you have written for my jubilee', and sent him *Leaves from the Journal of Our Life in the Highlands* with the quite disarming inscription: 'Alfred Tennyson, Esq., trusting he will not criticize too severely'. The author of *Leaves from the Journal* loved to feel herself among the *literati*; and one of the most agreeable passages in her diary was written on August 7 1883: 'After luncheon saw the great Poet Tennyson in dearest Albert's room for nearly an hour; and most interesting it was. He is grown very old, his eyesight much impaired. But he was very kind. Asked him to sit down'. To be asked to sit down at Victorian Osborne, in dearest Albert's room, was indeed an incident worthy of record.

But though he visited Osborne, and, in later life, lived at Freshwater, 'the great Poet Tennyson' did not belong to the Isle of Wight. He belonged (as the present exhibition reaffirms) to Lincolnshire. Again and again this realist among poets paints the landscape of ridge and dune, of fen and reed and wold. A breath of Lincolnshire lingers about the picture of Camelot; it touches the lyrics in 'The Princess', it blows through 'In Memoriam':

> To-night the winds begin to rise
> And roar from yonder dripping day:
> The last red leaf is whirl'd away,
> The rooks are blown about the skies;
>
> The forest crack'd, the waters curl'd,
> The cattle huddled on the lea;
> And wildly dash'd on tower and tree
> The sunbeam strikes along the world . . .

Some insist that Tennyson owed the very fidelity of his nature poetry to Lincolnshire: that the very monotony of its landscape gave him his habit of close observation, and made him study, with scientific precision, 'the secret of grasses, of agaric, moss and fern'.

Tennyson, as Lord David Cecil remarked last week, is the only Poet Laureate who does not seem ridiculous in the part. As we look at the photographs we recognize, at once, that he has the majestic persona, the royal presence. As we read his work we become aware, increasingly, of a national spirit boldly expressed:

> Love thou thy land, with love far-brought
> From out the storied Past, and used
> Within the Present, but transfused
> Thro' future time by power of thought . . .

But one cannot be a national poet without understanding England: without intense affection for its landscape. It was Lincolnshire that made Tennyson. It was on a sandstone rock near Somersby that the boy of fourteen, on hearing of Missolonghi, carved the inscription: 'Byron is dead'. It was from the yellow-curtained windows in the Somersby drawing-room that he admired the immemorial elms; it was in the garden there that no doubt he heard his innumerable bees.

Letters to the Editor

The Editor welcomes letters on broadcasting subjects or topics arising out of articles printed in THE LISTENER but reserves the right to shorten letters for reasons of space

The Leadership of the Labour Party

Sir,—I have an immense admiration for Robert McKenzie's knowledge of British political institutions, but surely he is not quite right when he says (THE LISTENER, October 27) that the present contest for the Labour leadership is the first time a Labour or Conservative leader once selected has ever had to face a contest for re-election. Clement Attlee was first elected Leader of the Labour Party in succession to George Lansbury in October, 1935—having previously been Deputy Leader. But when the new House reassembled after the General Election of that year his re-election as leader was formally challenged by both Herbert Morrison and Arthur Greenwood and a new election took place—which, of course, he won.

As far as the Conservative Party is concerned, Mr. McKenzie is, of course, formally correct. But when Austen Chamberlain asked for a vote of confidence in his leadership (and in the Coalition) at the famous Carlton Club meeting in 1922, and was defeated because, and only because, Bonar Law had been persuaded by Beaverbrook and Baldwin to make it known that he would be prepared to take the leadership in his place, the effect was surely the same as if there had actually been a contested election between the two. In everything but formal terms there was—and Austen Chamberlain lost it.

Yours, etc.,

Abinger Hammer FRANCIS WILLIAMS

New Light on the Greek Bronze Age

Sir,—Since Professor Palmer has chosen to repeat his theory about the date of the Knossos tablets on the air and in your pages (October 27) it seems desirable to make clear that there is another side to the story. After all, we are asked to believe that Sir Arthur Evans and his assistant were hopelessly wrong about some of their most important finds, and Palmer's disclaimer in the last sentence of his talk in THE LISTENER can hardly disguise the fact that Evans's judgment and integrity are called into question. I deeply regret the necessity for this letter, but it is called for by Mr. Palmer's unwillingness to follow the course of action he prescribes for others—'to suspend judgment'.

Every point made about the dating of the tablets can readily be answered by appeal to the primary, published evidence. In the Room of the Stirrup Jars the excavators did not recognize an upper earth floor in their first year's digging, but next year they dug again in the room and outside it finding tablets *beneath* the latest floor. On this evidence Evans's survey of the find was based, but only the first year's account is cited in Mr. Palmer's argument.

He demonstrates that inscribed stirrup jars from mainland Greece are imports from Crete and says that 'some of them are definitely dated to about 1200 B.C.'. True, but he omits to mention that others are as definitely dated to about 1400 B.C. And where are the stirrup jars of the Palace period? Mr. Palmer has already found some for us, in Greece. Plain stirrup jars for storage were not kept in the Palace any more than the hundreds of head of cattle and sheep also listed in the tablets, but the stirrup jar is a Cretan invention after all. No doubt there was an Achaean king in LMIII Knossos, but he did not live in the old Minoan Palace. Crete's depression in this period is a purely relative matter: a contrast to her earlier brilliance, but we do not need the reading of a tablet from Pylos to tell us that Crete was still making bronze vases.

It may seem superfluous to add that recent excavations at Knossos have found tablets only in the debris of the 1400 destruction. Every point can be countered in this way, and I write with detailed knowledge of all the archaeological evidence available to Mr. Palmer himself. By all means let us wait for the world to judge the whole evidence, properly assembled, but let us now wait in silence.

Yours, etc.,

Oxford JOHN BOARDMAN

Stuff and Science

Sir,—The letter you published last week from Mrs. Margaret Knight, commenting on my talk, 'Stuff and Science' (THE LISTENER, October 13), is a nice exercise in argument by misrepresentation. Mrs. Knight quotes from my talk the sentence 'the logical origin of genuine belief in God is the decision to take [the] experience of human relationships seriously', and proceeds to argue that concern with human relationships is more characteristic of Humanism than of the religion which I profess. However, in her apparently innocent substitution of the word 'the' for my word 'this', she has actually begged the whole question.

The sentence as it appeared in my original talk was meant to refer back to a *particular* experience of human relationships about which I had already spoken, namely the experience that love is something 'bigger than both of us'. Now Mrs. Knight may very well seek to deny that this experience is significant, but it is quite wrong to say that Humanism in general shows more concern for *this* experience of human relationships than Christianity does.

Mrs. Knight's next statement, that 'some theists . . . have held that the highest good is to be found in a life of solitary contemplation', is simply untrue, at least so far as Christian theists are concerned. Even the desert hermits would have insisted that solitary contemplation is only a means to an end, and the end would have been the Communion of Saints in heaven. I would certainly not wish to deny that the organized Churches have very often been prepared to sacrifice human persons on the altar on some supposed super-human good—this was in fact the burden of my talk—but I must insist that no Christian who tries to be really true to the spirit of the New Testament can possibly separate the command to love God from the command to love his neighbour, for the simple reason that he believes God *is* love. Humanists have often in this respect been, like Freud, better servants of love (which they refuse to call God) than Christians have been—but on the other hand it is only fair to add that Humanists have also, on occasions, been prepared to sacrifice individual persons, on the altar of the supposed general interest of Mankind.

Yours, etc.,

London, W.4 J. WREN-LEWIS

Sir,—I know little of Freud, or of his religious opinions. But in her letter in THE LISTENER of October 27, Mrs. Margaret Knight inveighs against the 'reckless misuse of words'.

This is the first—and I hope the last—time that I have seen the word θανατος translated as 'aggression'.

Yours, etc.,

London, S.W.1 MICHAEL DUGDALE

The Irresponsible Society

Sir,—The estimate of 7,000,000 to 8,000,000 people 'living precariously close to the margins of poverty' quoted by Professor R. M. Titmuss in his Third Programme talk (THE LISTENER, August 11) (and by several leading politicians at the Labour Party Conference) was based on Mr. Peter Townsend's compilation of pensioners, unemployed, sick, etc., totalling in all 12,000,000 or more (if I understood it) in a symposium, *Conviction*, 1958, at page 103. This is where the figures I referred to in my last letter appeared (THE LISTENER, October 6).

It was when I began to examine the individual items that I began to have doubts, some of which I outlined in my letter. Apart from one or two errors, and what seemed under-estimation of overlapping, the main weakness of the figures as the basis for an estimate of the number living in or near poverty was that many people in several of the categories were not *dependent* on the benefit they were receiving because, first, the disability was temporary, or second, they had other means, or third, there was more than one earner per family.

In reply, Mr. Townsend (THE LISTENER, October 13) offered a new compilation. This one also raises doubts. It does not state sources or methods of estimating. The 2,000,000 to 3,000,000 households seems a precarious figure; households usually understate their income. If this figure is based on the Ministry of Labour's Enquiry Into Household Expenditure, 1953-4, it is certainly an over-estimate. The Ministry explained that many households 'considerably under-stated their full incomes' and gave three possible reasons: the tendency to record income after tax and National Insurance contributions, etc.; the omission or under-statement of overtime pay, earnings from subsidiary employment, or from property and non-recurring income; and the difficulty of self-employed people in giving up-to-date information, which meant that their current incomes were sometimes under-stated.

Nor can one really accept the view that family

allowances should be based on Lord Beveridge's recommendations in 1941. This ignores the increase in parental income since then. Again, people who are sick for short periods frequently receive full or part pay. And families are also helped by free school meals, welfare foods and education grants that are ignored in the assistance scales.

The main objection to the new list is its use of income up to 25 per cent. above National Assistance scales including rent as an index of poverty or near poverty. If this percentage is accurate, the average income would be the rate of £4 5s. for a couple without dependent children, plus £1 for rent (including rates or, for owner-occupiers, an allowance for repairs and mortgage interest), plus £1 6s. as the additional 25 per cent. to cover disregards and discretionary grants, a total of £6 11s. This is not munificence in a country in which the average earnings of men in industry are around £15 a week and income per average family over £20 a week. But it is another matter to describe it as *poverty*.

In the first place, the disregards include not negligible assets as well as income. The ownership of a house is disregarded; 146,000 recipients owned a house at the end of 1958 and 164,000 at the end of 1959. £375 of 'war savings' of husband and wife (separately) are disregarded, and other capital up to £125. Many on National Assistance are, and of course should be, above the 'poverty' line.

Secondly, the definition of poverty is based on circular reasoning. For the higher the scale rates, and/or the more generous the disregards, the larger the number living in 'poverty'. The scale rates and the disregards have both been increased since 1948: this has made more people 'poor'. If Mr. Townsend had argued that the 'disregards' and discretionary grants should be more generous (and I should have agreed) his estimate might have come to 9,000,000 or 10,000,000 or more. And if, as I believe, the scale rates should be higher, we should be making still more 'poor'.

Thirdly, it is evident that what we are talking about is not the 'poor' but people living on low incomes; and these can be two different things. Even the word 'submerged'—Professor Titmuss has spoken of 'the submerged fifth' (10,000,000 people), Mr. Gaitskell more cautiously of 'the submerged tenth' (5,000,000)—is no more enlightening. Whatever the level of National Assistance, anyone who qualifies and asks for it, gets it. They are not being 'submerged' *below* a given level; they are being raised *up* to it.

The question is therefore: what should the level be? As a nation we can afford to give more to those in need and raise the scale of assistance even further above 'poverty'. It is said that more assistance would discourage private accumulation or family subvention. This is a risk we must run. There is no more callous contrast in our social scene than between the affluence of grandchildren and the penury of grandparents. We could encourage people to help their aged parents, grandparents, uncles, aunts, cousins, etc., by giving much larger relatives' allowances for income tax. But where need remains we must supplement family assistance.

What stands in the way? To some extent perhaps the feeling that assistance is charity. I have suggested that we withdraw National Assistance and amalgamate the retirement pension with the supplementary pension as a Retirement Grant paid on evidence of entitlement in the form of income codes. These would largely dispense both with the need to make a claim and for an official to investigate means in the applicant's home. But the biggest obstacle is the doctrine of universality, which teaches that assistance for old people must be the same to everyone, and that it must therefore take the form of an increase in the basic pension rates. Not only does this waste a loaf on people who have cake; it denies a loaf to those with no bread. If the report that they are to raise the basic state pension is true, the Conservatives are still enslaved by this doctrine. But I hope to hear Professor Titmuss confirm that he is abandoning it. For abandon it we must to build a more humane social policy.

In the meantime, the only certain figures are the number who *draw* National Assistance (in December 1959 1.77 million—why does Mr. Townsend say 2.6 million?) and the number *dependent* on them (807,000). We must do more to find the others who qualify but do not apply. They would bring the total to about 3,000,000 or 3,500,000. But they cannot all be described as 'poor'. We must then set about discovering where there is need for further assistance. If there are several more millions living near National Assistance levels, an increase of 5s. or 10s. in the weekly scale rate would bring them in, and we should then know their number.

No one wishes to minimize the extent of poverty; but the level of assistance does not measure it. Visits for several years to an old persons' home, some of whose inmates are supported by their families but many of whom are left to live on pension and national assistance, have confirmed what I have been told by doctors and others about old people being deserted by their families. How far this experience is typical I cannot tell. Local studies, such as Mr. Townsend's in Bethnal Green and the Cambridge inquiries in Bedfordshire and Greenwich, teach us much about old people's means. But until we have a nation-wide survey, we are all more or less guessing about numbers and needs.

What I am clear about is that we may expect 'poverty' to decline with rising incomes, and that a wealthier country requires not a massive structure of equal and increasing assistance for all and sundry but selective assistance that meets personal requirements up to and beyond the margins of 'poverty'. Here lie common sense and common humanity.—Yours, etc.,

Petts Wood ARTHUR SELDON

English—Left and Right

Sir,—My attention has been called to your attack on me in your leading article for October 20. 'Attack' is perhaps too complimentary a word, since it suggests a boldness of explicit and unequivocal criticism. Your actual method is one of insinuation—with minimal self-commitment. You confine all overt reference to me to this sentence—a crucial one for your purpose: 'It quickly becomes clear that Professor Lewis is really attacking the "radical" wing of Cambridge English, and that what we are witnessing is one more skirmish in the battle between "tradition" (the classics, "Q", the historical approach) and "nonconformity" (Dr. Leavis, psychology, sociology, and practical criticism)'.

What evidence you could adduce for interpreting Professor Lewis as intending an attack on me I cannot tell: I have not seen, and had not heard of, his article. *Delta*, however, was readily obtainable. I have looked through it, and I gather that the writers have arrived at a conclusion that corroborates yours. But what concerns me is your own attack on me; for you avowedly sympathize with that which you ascribe to Professor Lewis, and you implicitly offer yourself as speaking for an authoritative central body of the right-thinking and sane.

Your sense of the strength given you by this representative status would seem to have absolved you from any scruple about making clear just what charge you were bringing and what discussible argument you thought you were advancing: the ironic tone and the other familiar signals would draw the response you were counting on. And I, of course, cannot in the brief comment that alone is possible expose your insinuations for what they are, or deal with the misconceptions and misrepresentations they entail. I can only ask some questions, make some statements of position, and issue some challenges.

Will you, then, please explain what you mean by the 'non-conformity' that you appear to define in terms of me in association with psychology, sociology, and practical criticism? I do not think that your use of inverted commas absolves you from the need to justify yourself with something better than that parenthesis. You oppose 'non-conformity' to 'tradition', but I am prepared to give my grounds for contending that I, at least as much as any critic in our time, have stood for 'tradition' and the importance, for life and thought, of having a vital conception, and a robust and subtle sense, answering to that word.

'English as a *discipline*', you tell us, 'cannot be wholly divorced from the historical past'. But what excuse have you for imputing to me the suggestion that it can? (I find no such suggestion in *Delta* either.) What distinguishes your own position, it seems to me, is a readiness to rely upon empty phrases and inert preconceptions—which look like something else to you because of your consciousness of enjoying massive support. How does one get access to the 'historical past'?—that, surely, is the great problem. But to you it is *no* problem: you see (it appears) no relation between it and that delicate cultivation of perception, sensibility and intelligence which you refer to as 'practical criticism'.

You talk of exercises that 'have to be done correctly', and I suppose you feel yourself qualified by having passed such tests. I note, however, that, though you espouse one side in the 'battle' and identify the other with me (for you mention no one else in the 'wing' that 'Professor Lewis is really attacking', and I know of no ally you could have in mind), you have felt no obligation to *read* what I have written, or, at any rate, to pay attention to it: no scruple has prevented your being content with the insinuations you find convenient. But I note too that you default in this matter of 'correctness' in the most obvious and simple ways. For instance, you ask: 'Who are the editors of *Delta*, who is any man, that they or he should call Aristotle irrelevant?'

'Can the editors of *Delta*', I wondered, 'really have "dismissed this dead mind"?' (The phrase is yours.) So I turned over the pages of *Delta*, and found this: 'The *Poetics*, a work produced in one intellectual context, artificially applied to the completely different contexts of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, is prescribed as a set book for an introductory

WHEN BARBERS PULLED TEETH

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course in a modern discipline that can best be grasped through the finest modern criticism, and say Johnson and Arnold, outstanding and *still relevant* critics of the past'. To refer to this view of the *Poetics* as an insolent 'dismissal of Aristotle' seems to me to be an unpardonable misrepresentation. To use the *Poetics* as it is used in English courses is to treat not only the undergraduate and literary studies, but Aristotle himself, with the opposite of respect.

And I think you ought to tell us what we are to understand by your irony about the 'canonization of George Eliot'. Do you mean that in your judgment she is *not* a great writer? I have, in print, discussed also Henry James, Conrad, and D. H. Lawrence as great writers, and referred to Jane Austen as one: is the undergraduate who thinks that such discussion of any of these is reasonable also 'assenting to a canonization'? Must all novels be treated as *divertissements*?

My own conviction is that the work of the great English novelists constitutes one of the very greatest creative achievements of human history, that it should be studied by undergraduates reading English, and that such study entails a subtle initiation into thought about 'tradition'.

Let me end by saying that I think *Delta* right to insist that Cambridge undergraduates, in their studies, should be treated as adults—and that I (who have had no cognizance at all of the genesis or production of *Delta*) cannot see anything about that number that is not decent and intelligent. Professor Lewis himself, in launching such an attack, will hardly have expected to remain unanswered.—Yours, etc.,

Cambridge F. R. LEAVIS

[We regret that Dr. Leavis should have interpreted the leading article in our issue of October 20 as an attack on him. We cannot accept the accusation that we were being unscrupulous or were making insinuations against Dr. Leavis. With regard to the other points raised in his letter: (1) By 'non-conformity' was intended a tradition—for we gladly accept the words as used by Dr. Leavis in the title of one of his finest books—of radical revaluation of existing judgments, the desire to reform, the zeal to correct: the editors of *Delta* use 'tradition' and 'traditionalism' in the opposing, pejorative sense. (2) Certainly the great problem is how to get access to the historical past: one may surely start by reading as widely as possible and without omitting that which, at first sight, seems alien. (3) The example of George Eliot was adduced to suggest that a critical position reached after original thought by a distinguished mind may all too easily be taken over without question and without full understanding. (4) Dr. Leavis denies that *Delta* dismisses Aristotle as irrelevant. But if he will re-read the passage he himself quotes, he must surely agree that the wish to reject Aristotle and substitute Arnold and Johnson as *still relevant* is tantamount to saying that Aristotle is *not* relevant. We can see no misrepresentation here. The word 'insolent' is Dr. Leavis's addition, while the word 'dead', to which he appears to take exception, occurs in the sentence preceding that which he quotes (the 'dead past'). Earlier in the article, the phrase 'an irrelevant pseudo-traditionalism' also occurs. The objection intended was, of course, that if students decide in advance not to read the *Poetics* they surrender the authority wherewith to judge it.

Finally, Dr. Leavis does us too much honour when he states that our article purported to speak for an 'authoritative central body of the right-thinking and the sane'. Our aim was a more modest one: to provoke thought, to draw attention to some of the problems in the teaching of English literature which we thought might be of general interest to our readers and which were suggested to us by the issue of *Delta* brought into this office for review. —EDITOR, THE LISTENER]

Did the Vikings Discover America?

Sir,—If Lord Raglan believes that the Norse evidence for the Vinland voyages, or even that part of it which he describes (THE LISTENER, October 13) as 'the whole saga', is 'clearly based on stories of the Celtic Otherworld', good luck to him. If Mr. Bierstadt believes in the Kensington stone, good luck to him, too. Nothing I 'and my kind' can say will convince them and their kinds that they are wrong.

When Lord Raglan says (THE LISTENER, October 27) that 'the medieval Icelanders were not interested in recorded facts', I assume he speaks out of a complete ignorance of Icelandic medieval literature. In any case, he speaks in error.—Yours, etc.,

Aberystwyth GWYN JONES

[*This correspondence is now closed.*—EDITOR, THE LISTENER]

English Stained Glass

Sir,—I have read with interest the article on English stained glass by Mr. Alec Clifton-Taylor in THE LISTENER of September 1.

Although during the last war many beautiful windows in a number of churches were

A window in Christ Church, Meaford, Ontario

destroyed, might it not be possible to save something from the wreck by building up windows with broken pieces?

While our rector, the Rev. Harold Appleyard (now archdeacon) was overseas, the thought occurred to him that if scraps of shattered glass were assembled to fit into the window openings some very original memorials would result, infinitely better than a stone or granite column.

During visits to all parts of the country he collected odds and ends of old glass, no piece too large and no fragment too small. He was treated with the greatest courtesy, and in course of time realized that the accumulation of so much glass might become somewhat of a hindrance to military operations. He thereupon sent for the exact shape and size of certain window openings in Meaford church, and left everything in the hands of an expert firm, I believe in Hove, Sussex, who did the work in a masterly manner. The completed windows were ultimately installed in Christ Church, Meaford.

Perhaps something along these lines has already been done in England?

Yours, etc.,

Meaford, Ontario LOUIS HENRY MORRIS

The Cathedral of St. Mungo, Glasgow

Sir,—May I be permitted to point out a slight error on the front of THE LISTENER for October 27? The historic church of which you display so fine a photograph is not called after St. Mary, but after St. Mungo, who is the patron saint of Glasgow. Perhaps the mistake has arisen because the nineteenth-century Episcopalian Cathedral in Great Western Road is dedicated to St. Mary. It rather brings to mind the occasion some years ago when a postcard was prepared which showed, as does THE LISTENER of last week, a picture of Glasgow's ancient cathedral, and inset a portrait of a bishop of the Scottish Episcopal Church. Strictly speaking, of course, St. Mungo's is now a Presbyterian parish church, as are the other ancient cathedrals in Scotland.

Yours, etc.,

DONALD W. BROOKS

Newcastle upon Tyne

[*We regret the error.*—EDITOR, THE LISTENER]

A West Riding Word

Sir,—In THE LISTENER of October 13 Mr. F. A. Carter is reported to have said that the West Riding dialect term of endearment, 'doy', was 'probably meant as a childish pronunciation of 'joy'. I have always understood that 'doy' was an abbreviation of 'Dorothy' (gift of God). When I was young (over seventy years ago) an old lady often called me 'doy', the word being applicable to both girls and boys.

Yours, etc.,

Hull R. SHARPER

P.E.N. Anthology of Poetry

Sir,—For some years past P.E.N. has issued anthologies of new verse and in 1962 the ninth of these volumes, *New Poems—1962*, will appear under the imprint of Hutchinson, edited by Vernon Scannell, Patricia Beer, and Ted Hughes. I should be grateful if you would allow me to invite your readers to submit their work for consideration by the Editors of *New Poems—1962*, P.E.N., 62 Glebe Place, S.W.3.

Not more than *two* poems should be submitted by each poet, and all manuscripts should be accompanied by a stamped addressed envelope for return (those who wish their MSS. to be acknowledged should also enclose a stamped addressed postcard). The closing date for entries is January 31, 1961.

Poems which have appeared in book form cannot be accepted, though work which has been published in periodicals during 1960 is eligible. Payment will be made for all poems accepted.

Yours, etc.,

London, S.W.3 DAVID CARVER
General Secretary, P.E.N.

Round the London Art Galleries

By STEPHEN SPENDER

I AM ALMOST ASHAMED to write that the paintings, drawings, and etchings of Evert Lundquist at the Beaux Arts Gallery in Bruton Place are a discovery. For Mr. Lundquist, at fifty-six, is the most famous living Swedish painter. But although there is one painting by him in the Tate Gallery, he has never before had a London exhibition. Mr. Lundquist is called a neo-expressionist, and in the catalogue we are told that there are several of these in Sweden. Because he paints thickly and broadly, English critics seem to jump to the idea that he is like Bomberg, with whom to my mind he has little in common. Bomberg is a constructor, a painter who sees nature in almost architectural terms of stresses and tensions carried out by brush strokes almost like girders.

If I did not appear to be inventing some ghastly new term, I would call Lundquist an evocative realist. With extremely thick paint heaped on in pools and swirls, he produces an effect like the weather: mud, rain, clouds, damp straw and wood. The movement of the brush strokes in Bomberg's paintings is on the whole of straight lines, whereas in Lundquist on the whole it is circular. The drama in these paintings is a struggle between the sheer weight and substance of the paint itself, the sensuous atmospheric colouring, and the image, the subject of the painting. The image or subject usually has strong and rather childish associations: a middle-aged, maternal woman; barns; hay-ricks; pigs; jars; and figures in situations suggesting a folk tale (for instance the Street Sweeper, who looks like Goethe's Sorcerer's Apprentice); and some archetype of image-making of another artist, for instance, a Rembrandt drawing. What is extraordinary is the way in which the different things these paintings are about seem to change into one another. At one moment one sees nothing but the rich, subtly coloured surface of the paint like mother-of-pearl on the inside of a large shell; at the next, a blurred and clouded northern light; a moment later, and the pictures begin stirring with real shapes. Hay-stacks, or beams of lofts, appear solid and clear, a pig rustles among straw, the flesh of a woman glows massive and statuesque.

Lundquist's paintings are lived into by the painter, livable-in by the spectator. On a more practical level they might be considered a protest against effects produced with extreme rapidity and commanding a large price: for his prices are extremely reasonable, especially the etchings and drawings, costing £10 and £15 respectively.

Lundquist's opposite in every respect, including the financial, in the scale of modern art values is Mathieu, exhibiting at what was the Marlborough Gallery in Bond Street, now known as the New London. The more ambitious of these pictures seem to have been painted in about forty minutes, and the slight water colours in about forty seconds. It takes rather less than half of either of these times to get the idea of them. The effect of a Mathieu painting is of filaments of raw colour like wire hanging in space, stretched across the canvas, with other wires crossing the horizontal tangle vertically, or rising from the lower part of the picture to meet them. Paints are also smudged behind the thick wiry lines to give the impression of another dimension. Sometimes these contraptions can be elaborate and give a luminous effect of street lamps or lines of boats lit up.

'The Head', by Evert Lundquist: from the exhibition at the Beaux Arts Gallery, 7 Bruton Place, W.1

The critics who say Lundquist is like Bomberg would doubtless say that Mathieu was calligraphic. But calligraphy, although perhaps as rapid as Mathieu, is—whether done in the Far East or by Paul Klee—mysterious, which is just what Mathieu is not. He is bustling and assured and elegant and extravert. His greatest qualities are energy and a readiness to take risks, though despite the readiness, these in fact he never takes, because his wildness is completely under the control of limits which are known to himself, and which, however impetuous his action-painting, he never moves outside.

One may be tempted, seeing Mathieu's painting, to blame the machine age for robbing art of mystery. The interesting exhibition at the I.C.A. Galleries collected by Robert Melville, entitled 'The Mysterious Sign', will correct this impression. It is only fair to add that Mr. Melville includes a Mathieu. But then his purpose, outlined in his catalogue, is to illustrate the thesis that 'the conception of painting as writing on a flat surface . . . has instigated almost every important venture in twentieth-century painting'. To do this, all his examples need not be mysterious, yet the best of them are, and they include examples which go back to the de Chirico of 1914, and include Picasso, Ernst, Klee, Miro, Kandinsky, among the early artists; Kline, de Kooning, Pollock, Michaux, Paolozzi, among the most recent. There is a certain amount of chi-chi and dead-as-dodo dadaist wood here, but there are things of marvellous beauty, one of the most striking being the prophetic, infinitely accomplished and delicate Malevich, 'Oblique White Lines on White', painted in 1917.

Those masterpieces and unparalleled successes which are sometimes called 'experimental' lead back to the most enduring experiments of all, by Turner, some of which are now to be seen at Leggatt's (30 St. James's Street). They are the dawn of a new age of impressionist painting—in Turner a rebirth of the world turning into worlds of pure imagination. The 'Seascape' lent by Sir Kenneth Clark is not only as true of the sea as, say, one of the greatest descriptions of Joseph Conrad, but it seems to change into the fairyland of *A Midsummer Night's Dream*. In 'The Castle of Rosenau near Coburg' the sky is mirrored in the river and its banks whose every grass blade seems a presence felt, though not described, and casts back light in an exhalation to the sky.

At the Leicester Gallery there are the beautiful drawings by Mary Kessell and her paintings which by comparison seem a bit thin; also the poetic landscapes of Ruszkowski, who is by origin Polish. Another Polish painter, Marek Zulawski (who exhibits at Zwemmer's), like Ruszkowski, seems pre-eminently an illustrator. The lithographs in a folder at the gallery do nearly everything the paintings do and are more manageable.

Perhaps I should end these unprofessional art-reviews by apologizing to Mr. John Plumb who complained in his letter published in THE LISTENER on September 29 that I described him incorrectly as 'drawing lines' whereas in fact he applies 'polyvinyl and polythene tapes to boards which are treated with plastic emulsion paint'. If I were not going to retire from the art-critical fray anyway, I would at this point leave the field, clean bowled.

Mr. Keith Sutton will take over as our art critic on November 17

The Listener's Book Chronicle

The Lotus and the Robot
By Arthur Koestler.
Hutchinson. 25s.

Reviewed by JOHN MORRIS

MR. KOESTLER is by no means the first to wonder whether the East can offer a solution to the problems with which western civilization is bedevilled, but he is one of the few Europeans to have plunged into the ocean of Oriental thought without being drowned in its mystic undercurrents. A systematic training in both philosophy and science has bred in him an obstinate respect for objective facts, and while he does not necessarily deny the existence of an order of reality different from that we recognize, he refuses to be bamboozled by it.

In 1958 he went to India and Japan. He chose these two countries because 'they are at opposite ends of the spectrum: one the most tradition-bound, the other the most modern of the great countries of Asia'. The first part of his book begins with an account of four contemporary Indian saints. This is not only descriptive writing of a high order, but also a helpful introduction to the following exhaustive enquiry into the physical and mystic aspects of Yoga, and the recent researches into its supernatural claims. These practices are described in scatological detail and with scientific detachment. The account of them is likely to offend both Indian and western devotees, but others will relish this unexpurgated description of Yoga, much of which, though possibly not intentionally, is extremely funny. The conclusion seems to be that

> if the copying of Western blueprints has led India into a *cul-de-sac* out of which it must find its own way, it appears equally clear that India, with all its saintly longing for *samadhi* (mystic union with the universe), has no spiritual cure to offer for the evils of Western civilization.

The second part of the book deals with Japan, and Mr. Koestler admits that if he were exiled from Europe this would be the country where he would choose to live in preference to any other. Nevertheless, he is far from being uncritical of the Japanese way of life. His first reactions to it were normal: colourful euphoria, soon followed by mounting exasperation, and, finally, an acceptance of what the followers of Zen describe as 'the such-ness of things'.

It has been said that one of the characteristics of Zen is that it cannot be explained in words; its inner truths are revealed only by inspiration. Certainly the details here given make little sense to the bewildered European seeker after truth and read like a mixture of Erewhonian philosophy and the thoughts uttered by the more crazy of Eugene Ionesco's characters.

The author's final conclusion is that

> the *hubris* of rationalism is matched by the *hubris* of irrationality, and the messianic arrogance of the Christian crusader is matched by the Yogi's arrogant attitude of detachment towards human suffering. Mankind is facing its most deadly predicament since it climbed down from the trees; but one is reluctantly brought to the conclusion that neither Yoga, nor any other Asian form of mysticism, has any significant advice to offer.

On the personal plane the effect of these journeyings, so Mr. Koestler tells us, was to put him in his place; and not surprisingly, that place was Europe. He returned with 'a new confidence and added affection for that small figure riding on the back of the Asian bull'. This is a most stimulating book. It is both well written and consistently entertaining.

Looking at Pictures. By Sir Kenneth Clark. John Murray. 37s. 6d.

This is a very nice piece of tightrope walking. Sixteen essays discuss as many pictures which, for widely different reasons, are accepted or acceptable masterpieces. Although they have been enlarged and refined, all but one were written to fill a page in the *Sunday Times*; memorable pages, but not unconsonant with their original worldly setting. The eighty-one plates (six of them reproduced in quite passable colour) which illustrate the essays now are exceptionally good.

The author has taken certain risks in his sincere desire to help us to look at masterpieces and to grasp something of their quality. When he can, he speaks always in the first person: although he wisely begins the essay on Leonardo's 'The Virgin with St. Anne' 'To one who is not blinded by familiarity it must make a strange impression'. It is because he is most brilliant when discussing something with a long-acquired knowledge much greater than we are likely to possess that one at times regrets this 'I' method, which attempts to recapture how the author's mind operated when first looking at the picture. It is as if the psychiatrist lay down on the couch and talked to his patient and one wonders if this is quite seemly. But it sometimes works out very well, and this attempt to give an account of how a mind, unusually richly stocked in visual and literary experiences, operates in front of a picture can stimulate the reader a good deal beyond what the power of the words alone can do.

This method also requires a principle of selection for the pictures which is conditioned by their associative resonance, and by how far they can be adequately illustrated. It works very well with Titian's 'Entombment', Constable's sketch for 'The Leaping Horse', and with the latest in date of the pictures chosen, Seurat's 'La Baignade'. But it hardly succeeds with 'L'Enseigne de Gersaint', where we are only told in the penultimate sentence that 'it gives one the feeling of an extremely serious picture' —which is surely the first (and a very odd) feeling that this noble picture gives us. It inhibits also the full discussion of pictures with a very personal religious content.

This happens with Botticelli's National Gallery 'Nativity', in which the formal analysis is brilliant, but for whose spiritual content the author falls back on some words of Ruskin which have come between him and the picture for thirty years—a disability which it were better not to pass on. But this is a solitary instance in a book full of fresh and pregnant examples of one art being illustrated in terms of another, and of imaginative expressions which carry the mind forward, like a wave, to a goal beyond the power of bare statement.

It is beautifully written and full of perceptive remarks which often explain quite incidentally things that have puzzled one because they have not been properly formulated before—such is the observation, in discussing Roger van der Weyden's 'Entombment', why the Florentines, such as Ghirlandaio, when they imitate Flemish colour, are unsatisfactory and garish.

ELLIS WATERHOUSE

Darwin and Butler. Two versions of evolution. By Basil Willey. Chatto and Windus. 16s.

The root of one of the eternal conflicts in man seems to be that while his intellect from time to time—on different grounds—tells him that he is predestined, or a helpless if all too sentient mechanism, his spirit rebels, insisting that he is free. Even Milton's archangels found themselves in wandering mazes lost when they debated the question. Man's own debate is intensified at various moments, as it was in 1859 when Darwin and Wallace announced the theory of natural selection. It was not that the idea of evolution was new; it had been familiar for a century or so, laughed about by Monboddo, sketched out by Erasmus Darwin, and more probingly discussed by Lamarck, apart from its appearance in ancient Greek philosophy. What appalled the orthodox in the middle of last century was its apparently mechanistic operation. Darwin was not quite happy about its theological implications, but studiously damped these down. Luckily there was a loophole. Granted that natural selection operated, what was it that caused the variations through which it did so?

That was the point upon which Samuel Butler seized, probably at first through that *esprit de contradiction* natural in a spirited son of the Rev. Mr. Pontifex. Having originally swallowed Darwin whole-hog, he began to react against him, finding support in Lamarck. Were variations due to luck or cunning?—cunning being interpreted to mean the need of any species to develop in certain directions. In the four Hibbert lectures which this volume comprises, Professor Basil Willey expatiates upon the controversy in the graceful, lucid way we have come to expect in his expositions of the history of ideas. Darwin we are all of us fairly familiar with, especially since Lady Barlow's new edition of the *Autobiography*; what we probably do not clearly realize is the kind of reception the *Origin* provoked.

Darwin has all the simplicity of the really great man; he is easy to grasp. And the question, backed by himself, still remains: does Darwinism really expel God from the universe? It may conflict with Genesis, but so did the discovery of Galileo, which Christianity came to absorb. For if God chose to create man in the way Darwinism states, does it make the creation any less wonderful, if a good deal more cruel? God moves in a mysterious way, and Darwin was convinced that some divine process was at work. But that is not enough: after all,

Stoicism implies the same thing. And so it seemed to the enticingly complex, Ishmaelitish figure of 'Erewhon' Butler, 'the earnest atheist', as Mr. Malcolm Muggeridge has called him. The second pair of lectures is engagingly illuminating about him. Both men were profoundly religious, of that we are left in no doubt, but they could not accept Church dogma. It need hardly be said that here are no superficial approaches. Professor Willey's own 'engagement' (which he does not allow to intrude) is, apart from his scholarly thoroughness, too well known for this to need insisting upon. Nor need the point be further made that this is no mere academic matter; the main issue is as alive today as it has been for centuries, and is likely to be for a good many more.

BONAMY DOBRÉE

Peterley Harvest. By David Peterley. Hutchinson. 25s.

Mr. Richard Pennington who, we are told, is a Canadian and the librarian of McGill University, has edited the private diary of David Peterley for publication, from manuscripts in McGill library. The period covered by the diary is 1926 to 1939. Peterley had literary ambitions and some contacts in the literary world. But occasionally he gets things wrong. For example, he apparently knew my father Edward Garnett well enough to write:

'E.G. had been the last person I wrote to before leaving England, about a new publication for The Nonesuch Press'. But my father had no connexion with The Nonesuch Press, whereas I was a partner in it. Moreover the date of this entry is 1936, when the great days of The Nonesuch were over.

Now we are told that there was 'no sich person' as David Peterley and that the diary is a hoax. What a pity! I should have liked to believe in a young man who hired a girl to give piano recitals of which he was the only audience, because he hoped to make love to her at some future date.

There are curious loose ends. For example this pianist for whom he breaks off his second marriage during an experimental ante-nuptial honeymoon, fades out of the book at the moment when a flesh and blood Peterley would have become most involved with her.

Are the materials from which Mr. Pennington has concocted his book all invented? And, if so, is not the forgery of a letter from the poet Robert Nichols in which he is made to write: 'I am a timid man who over-compensates. Neglect and loneliness have made me vain' a most damnable piece of impertinence?

DAVID GARNETT

The Battle of the Nile By Oliver Warner. Batsford. 21s.

There have been many—some say too many—books about Nelson, his times, his world, his wars, campaigns, fleets, ships, captains—even his amours. Nelson is the principal figure in this book, too: but there is a difference. This is not the 'portrait of an Admiral', but the 'picture of a battle': one of the Batsford series of famous actions, not of famous men.

In all drawing or painting, whether the tool is brush, pencil or pen, the distinction between 'portrait' and 'picture' is real enough. They demand different techniques, different emphases, perhaps, even, different talents. Thus, in a Nelson biography 'the Nile' will figure, but only as subsidiary to the Man: here the Man must yield precedence to the Battle. It is not an easy thing to do, especially when Nelson is the Man, and the author one who has already studied him so closely, and so effectively written about him. But Mr. Warner, being equally familiar with man and battle, has surmounted the difficulty with smoothness and expertise, so that the main theme, here, is unquestionably the close-up of a famous sea-fight, complete, detailed and satisfying.

There is no longer much scope for original research. Too many predecessors, scholars and otherwise, have combed the material. The book's real value does not lie there: nor is it meant for the reader who expects to get his impression of Nelson from one work. But to anyone who would learn all that is known about one great battle in our protracted naval struggle with revolutionary France; to anyone who would grasp its crude, even curdling excitements, its ever-changing lights and shadows, its intense colours and grimnesses—this is the book. They are all there, together with why it all happened and what stemmed from it: and of course—in proper perspective—the genius of the Man, and the guts of the men, who won it. Nor is the tragedy of the brave men who lost it neglected. The many illustrations, all contemporary, greatly strengthen the composition, as good illustrations should.

MICHAEL LEWIS

Lloyd George. By Earl Lloyd George. Muller. 21s.

Curzon: the End of an Epoch By Leonard Mosley. Longmans. 30s.

This is, it seems, the day of the historical re-write man. These two sketches of Lloyd George and Curzon are the latest of his productions. They have this in common, that they are concerned to cut down their subjects from greatness not merely to the level of mere mortals but some way beneath, as if we can no longer bear to admire or respect the giants of the past in our puny world. Harold Laski's *mot*, 'de mortuis nil nisi bunkum', is given an ironical twist: not the gold but the dross must be commemorated.

Earl Lloyd George's, shorter and more careless than Leonard Mosley's, is the better of the two, making up in warmth and unpretentiousness what it lacks in solidity. But it has two grave defects. It lacks perspective. It gives a racy account of Lloyd George's career to support a thesis: that the 'influence and support', 'shrewdness and restraint' of Mrs. Lloyd George (Dame Margaret) were the greatest support of her husband, the 'hidden sources of his strength' (page 113), and that when she left him he and his career went to pieces. It is true, of course, that she lived in Criccieth and he in Churt after 1922. Nor is there much doubt of one reason, that he was, in his son's words, a 'redoubtable womaniser'. Five affairs are mentioned in some detail—two already in the public domain. Others innumerable are implied. It is doubtless well that this side of Lloyd George's life—already the most written of of any modern British statesman's—should emerge from the common gossip of Wales and elsewhere to the printed page; but was it necessary in this form? For he is still 'the great Lloyd George', the first uncommon common man to break through to the heights of power and to save and remould his country. And his career after 1922 was not barren. He was an active force in the nineteen-twenties, even in opposition. If he played a smaller part in the nineteen-thirties that is hardly surprising in a man of seventy who had undergone a major operation in 1931; and much of that decade he spent in writing his memoirs.

The second defect is that Earl Lloyd George's book is not new. He has told most of the excellent stories, wandered into the same digressions, traversed the same ground, in his *Dame Margaret*, published in 1947. This glowing tribute to his mother tells us all we need to know of a remarkable woman. It quotes the grave-digger's tribute: 'she bore her troubles like a great lady'; it is a pity he has not followed her example.

Leonard Mosley's *Curzon* is hardly more solid, despite appearances. It is an impressionistic life, with many lengthy quotations from Curzon's letters and memoranda but no references; its origin is in the Curzon papers which are part of Lord Beaverbrook's vast historical stores, in which the author has worked for two years. It is unbalanced, over half being devoted to the years after his Viceroyalty. Concerned as it is with Curzon's personal life and personal foibles, his capacity for intrigue and suspicion, it gives little idea of how such a man ever rose to high office nor of what he accomplished in office. Its omissions and ambiguities would be wearisome to catalogue. Of his troubles with valets and chefs, of his quarrels with his daughters over money, of the vast expense of his establishments, we hear a good deal. His affair with Elinor Glyn gets plenty of attention. Above all we are shown how unhappy his second marriage was, with Lady Curzon leading a separate life for long periods and seldom answering the letters of her bruised and reproachful husband.

Even of Curzon's personal life there is another side. Lady Curzon not merely told her story in her *Reminiscences* (1955) but printed many of Curzon's letters to her—far happier ones, even in 1923. Lady Curzon's account of Curzon's death should be compared with Mosley's shabby treatment. The gaiety of Curzon's character, his perfectionism, his courage, his magnanimity come out in her pages (and in Sir Harold Nicolson's *Curzon: the Last Phase*) as they do not in Mosley's.

Nor is the curious subtitle given any justification. A man cannot end an epoch; Curzon would have been unusual in any epoch. Still less was Curzon 'the catalyst which quickened the revolution' in government and society. But he served his generation well. We must be grateful to Mr. Mosley's book for making plain the need for an adequate biography of him.

C. L. MOWAT

The Folk Songs of North America By Alan Lomax. Cassell. £5 5s.

It is perhaps inevitable that, born and bred as we are to a life of examinations, we should 'compare and contrast' British and American folk songs. It is a mistake. It makes better sense to think of the American product as a continuation and extension of the older tradition. It is often said that Sharp discovered in the Appalachians a pocket or preserve of British folk song older and purer than anything discoverable in Britain. This is not true, and the misapprehension is easily traceable to the fact that, while

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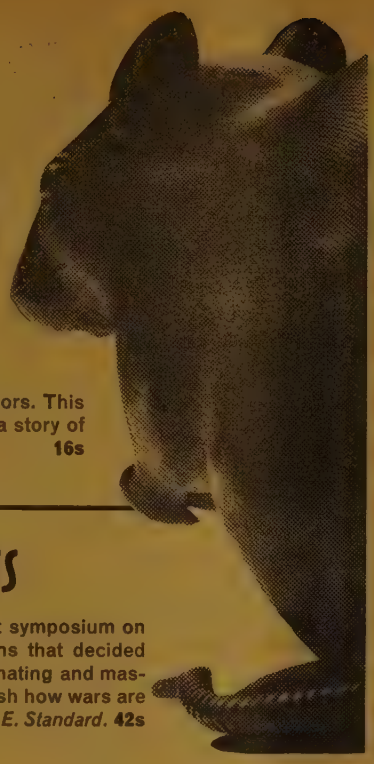

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But first sympathies tend to wilt a bit when the first furious shots have been fired. Sir Jasper, as often as not, is seen to be aiming at his opponent's legs. And the offended painter, novelist or singer, skipping frantically to and fro, makes perhaps such extravagant claims for his sanctity as an artist that we suddenly realise that the critic can be an artist, too—with duties to his public which are not simply those of a reverent thumb index.

Who, seriously, denies that? Do all the readers of The Observer, for instance (would you?) regard its critical pages as a Baedeker to the books they intend to read, the plays they ought to see? If so, then half the thinking world is a better man than me, I read reviews to know what's going on, to show some spark of consciousness among daunting strangers and at home . . . and for the sheer happy hell of it.

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very little British folk song was published in an uncensored form, the Appalachian songs were printed almost unaltered. A study of Sharp's English manuscripts led me to the conclusion that, on the contrary, the American versions were often garbled, or coarsened. I was supported by at least one American reviewer, and now in his superb introduction to this book Alan Lomax points out that, whereas British folk song is rooted in joy, American folk song of the colonial age is based on repression and guilt:

> Below the reserved and often dour exterior of the Briton, one discovers an easy and natural acceptance of the pleasures of the flesh and the bed, foreign to folk psychology in America, where a sense of sin is at the marrow of folklore. Few traces of the paganism of Britain are found in the United States. The great mass of gently erotic ditties still common and broadcastable in England and Scotland live in America mainly in the nether-world of 'dirty songs'.

If American folk song had ended with the colonial period, there would be justification in regarding it as inferior to British. But to a British reader it seems rather to have begun there. The enormous extension and vitalization which took place in the nineteenth century, partly but not wholly owing to Negro influence, is paralleled by nothing which happened in Britain. American civilization at that time was vigorous, restless and expansive, and the folk songs of the prairie, the mining camp and the railroads were its musical expression. Surprisingly, Lomax maintains that most, if not all, American folk song is not pure but hybrid. If we knew more than we do about oriental, French and Scandinavian influence on English folk song we might be tempted to think of that as equally hybrid. But to a Briton songs such as 'Casey Jones', 'Frankie and Johnny', and 'John Henry' seem wholly and magnificently American.

The full title of this volume is 'The Folk Songs of North America in the English Language', and it is the latter phrase which is all-important. The American versions of 'Barbara Allen' may be inferior to the best of the English, but we have nothing to replace the finest of the hill-billies, the blues, the spirituals and many other additions to the common stock.

Lomax divides his 317 songs into four groups, corresponding to the four principal regions and, roughly, four successive periods of American expansion—the North, the Southern mountains and backwoods, the West, and the Negro South. He gives one version of the words of each song and one version of the melody. References to other folk song and ballad collections enable the scholar to make comparative studies; the notes contain a mass of folklore and history which will delight the general reader. It is not easy to fault Lomax on his facts, but I cannot agree with him when he says of 'The Foggy Dew' that East Anglia is 'the English region where it has been most often recorded'. This song is of wide provenance and has been collected from Dorset to Scotland and from Ireland to Yorkshire. It may just as easily have reached America from Ireland or Bristol as from Norfolk.

Peggy Seeger has contributed guitar-chords to the melodies; Don Banks and the late Matyas Seiber have added a hundred piano accompaniments; the book is unobtrusively illustrated by Michael Leonard. Shirley Collins has lent general editorial assistance and is no doubt at least partly responsible for several excellent additional features: a bibliography, a guide to banjo and guitar technique, and a list of records available in Britain. The book is fully indexed.

JAMES REEVES

New Novels

Harvest on the Don. By Mikhail Sholokhov. Translated by H. C. Stevens. Putnam. 21s.
The Bribe. By Nino Palumbo. Translated by Isabel Quigly. Harvill. 16s.
The Dancing Bear. By Edzard Schaper. Translated by Norman Denny. Bodley Head. 15s.
Journey into the Blue. By Gusztav Rab. Translated by Peter Green. Sidgwick and Jackson. 21s.

THESE ARE CONTINENTAL novels in translation. One can only judge the quality of the translations, without either seeing the originals or necessarily being able to read them if one did, by whether they read like decently written novels. They all do. As Miss Quigly, Mr. Denny and Mr. Green are novelists in their own right, their success is to be expected: Mr. Stevens, also, does pretty well.

Among these novels, *Harvest on the Don* immediately makes an impression quite different from that made by any of the others. It is pervaded, so strongly that the effect is noticeable after half a dozen pages, by an air of *well-being*, an air of confidence in mankind inherent in the author as an individual and as a member of the society in which he is embedded. It is the second volume of *Virgin Soil Upturned*, about some Cossacks getting their collective-farm going in 1930: there is an anti-Soviet conspiracy in the district. Granted the rightness of the political decision to collectivize, the enemy of the farm is the enemy of all—Mr. Sholokhov puts this idea across with an old revolutionary's partiality. And yet he tells the story of the conspiracy in such a loose episodic fashion that it appears that, however important the plot is supposed to be, it is putting across his people as people, his Cossacks as Cossacks rather than as pro- or anti-collectivists, which really matters most to him. His intimate knowledge of them—simple yet wily, rash yet self-preserving, humorous, brutal, and passionate—shines through his story.

But intimate knowledge is not all: Mr. Sholokhov has a remarkable gift as a novelist—it is a remarkable command and range of empathy, of feeling for and with whomever he is writing about. As Shakespeare can send a gust of poetry into practically any old situation, Mr. Sholokhov seems to be able to send a gust of empathy. Three converted farm-workers suing for admission to the Communist Party: a young girl impetuously declaring her first love: a garrulous old man wrestling with his goat . . . He's done it again! one keeps thinking in admiration and delight. The book proliferates in moving encounters between human beings; and incidentally it contains some ravishing descriptions of the Steppe.

Of each of the next three books it is fair to say that confidence in mankind is inherent in the author as an individual, but it is not inherent in him as a member of the society in which he is embedded. *The Bribe, The Dancing Bear* and *Journey into the Blue* are all, in essence, a poignant cry of expostulation at man's inhumanity to man; *The Bribe* and *The Dancing Bear* at the fate of the poor and the lowly in the hands of the ruthless and powerful, *Journey into the Blue* at the fate of the rich and the high-born ruthlessly dispossessed.

The Bribe is about a little man, ill and poverty-stricken, who works in an Inland Revenue office in Rome. He is the only man in the office who does not regularly accept bribes for falsifying the income assessments of very rich people—he has neither the head nor the heart for it. He is pushed into it by his wife: she is neither immoral nor corrupt, but only, like their children, starving. The outcome is obvious. It loses a little of its poignance through Mr Palumbo's insistence on accounting for it completely in social terms alone. Yet it is poignant enough, God knows.

The first part of *The Dancing Bear*, with a less explicit underlying social thesis, is even more poignant. It is about a father, mother, and son, the father working on a remote stretch of the east-west railway-line through Lithuania. Invasions roll to and fro over their heads—they are too remote and lowly to have much feeling about *who* their rulers are. But there is a final invasion before which they simply flee. Far from the land of their lives and their language, the father and then the mother dies. Here the novel changes its line. The son wanders through Europe, looking for work, and is finally employed by a photographer to pose, humiliatingly got up as a dancing bear, with holiday-makers who want a photograph of themselves that is 'crazy'. Man's inhumanity to man is now clearly shown in terms of narrow exploitation. Also the bear becomes a symbol, and symbolism then forces the author, as it always tends to, into a melodramatic finale. But again, the book is poignant enough.

Journey into the Blue is about the sufferings of aristocratic well-off people deported from Budapest to the arid Hungarian plains after the 1956 revolution. Mr. Rab, for a reason which gradually becomes apparent rather too late in the book, takes for his central person a particularly dreary, barren-natured, elderly specimen of his kind—until the man discovers at long last a spark of selflessness in himself, one finds it hard not to see the point of the people who deported him. On the other hand, the novel displays the temperament of the author, who suffered the same fate of deportation, and who has remained so indomitably high-spirited that one cannot imagine how he has managed it. His novel startlingly sparkles with fun and malice at the expense of the people who drove him out—those of them who recognise their own portraits will burst with rage.

WILLIAM COOPER

CRITIC ON THE HEARTH

Weekly comments on B.B.C. programmes by independent contributors

Television Broadcasting

DOCUMENTARY

Unremarkable

ONE CONSEQUENCE OF the rigidity of the present B.B.C. Television programme pattern is that social life is beginning to be influenced by it. 'Panorama' addicts can hardly ever be persuaded to go out on a Monday, and I have heard of a dinner invitation refused on the grounds that Friday night is Dickens night. And it is not entirely coincidental, I feel, that Wednesdays and Saturdays are, generally, the evenings that friends call.

Last week they could have called on me almost any night they chose and been welcome. Even 'Monitor' (October 23) lacked some of its usual bite, though I enjoyed hearing Alan Sillitoe good-naturedly dismiss the suggestion that he was another angry, protesting writer. How amusing it must be to listen to half-a-dozen different interpretations of one's work, and half-a-dozen explanations of one's motives in writing it, when all that one was trying to do was to tell a good story.

A cartoon by Gerard Hoffnung shown in 'Monitor'
By courtesy of Messrs. Putnam and Messrs. Dobson

In the same edition Cartier-Bresson, the French photographer who trained as a painter, was informative about the artist's purpose in a way that few of the contributors to the recent 'The Artist Speaks' series were; and the camera work which transmitted to us a selection of Gerard Hoffnung's drawings was brilliantly effective, producing by close-up panning technique tiny shocks of surprise which comprehensive views could not have achieved.

'Panorama' (October 24) was strangely unremarkable; the 'Spy-Catcher' tale (October 25) was so similar to those that have gone before that one could almost hear the sound of the barrel being scraped; and in a final frenzied instalment of 'The Flying Years' (October 25) Sir Alan Cobham rounded off his four-part story of aviation with far too much material for our comfortable digestion.

On Wednesday (October 26), an evening mostly given over to fun and games, we had another 'Look', and spirits revived. The subject was the capture of a pilot whale in the Pacific and its removal to Marineland in California—an enormous aquarium with seats all round for the public to watch the antics of the dolphins kept in it, and glass panels in the sides for under-water observation. Here American naturalists study the behaviour of dolphins and teach them to perform a number of actions.

The pilot whale proved an adept pupil, too, and soon was leaping out of the water in response to signals, taking food from the hand, retrieving a stick. Much of it, as Peter Scott pointed out, was no more than circus stuff, but the naturalists also learn valuable facts about these mammals that they could not learn in the open sea. Like the other films Scott has shown us in his new series, this film was satisfying on more than one level.

Cardinal Pacelli in Paris, 1938: a photograph by Henri Cartier-Bresson seen in 'Monitor'

'Ask Me Another' (October 27) is satisfying at no level. To my mind it ought never to have been transferred from radio, where it originated, to television. There surely has never been a programme with less need of the visual element to achieve its effects. In any case, where is the entertainment in listening to, let alone (with respect to those taking part) looking at people answering general-knowledge questions? The only point of it that I can think of is that viewers should try to answer the questions before the contestants do, but in that case why have the contestants?

As well as being Dickens night, Friday is at present 'Enquiry' night. The subject of Robert Reid's third investigation, water (October 28), was certainly topical, but the programme lacked shape. Reid produced a mass of facts about our water needs and our plans for conserving it, but somehow they did not add up to purposive reporting.

Robert Reid, like some other B.B.C. commentators, is in danger, I feel, of over-valuing the views of the man in the street. Being a local councillor is not a guarantee that you have anything useful to contribute to the programme.

PETER POUND

'Enquiry' on October 28—two scenes from 'On Tap': left, scything weeds from the bed of the Wiltshire Avon to prevent wastage of water by overflow; right, spraying tomatoes in Guernsey where water for horticulture is essential

DRAMA

Good Acting

THE PARADOX OF Eugene O'Neill was that, although never flinching from confronting great and universal themes, he was ever unable to curb them to his own terms because his powers of command over their unruly forces—the language he used to rationalize their wildness—was not the equal of his soaring aspirations.

In *A Moon for the Misbegotten* (October 27) the power is always throbbing away, like a great God-like conscience attempting to strum fear into mankind, but unlike God this power is undirected. For, using larger-than-life Irish-American characters, appropriate to either tragedy or farce, the dramatist sets the pace with an outrageous comedy, packed full of roister-doister humour and high spirits.

An endearing old rogue of a farmer, a drunken, boasting liar, conceives a plan to bed his daughter with his even more drunken young landlord, under the guise that in this way the daughter would be able to get her revenge for the hero's deceiving her by having his perfidy made public when the father enters with witnesses. The girl, a giantess with a much-boasted sexual virility, agrees. So far, so good. If O'Neill has here nothing of earth-shaking momentousness to impart to us, he is at least handling most deftly a country comedy at whose earthiness we are able to

laugh wholeheartedly without being offended.

Abruptly, then, he fires his hidden battery, but rather than devastating us it explodes in his hands, shattering his play. His hand-grenade again is guilt, the guilt of the hero because his dying mother's last sight of him was when he was drunk and because later he whored on the train carrying her corpse. This guilt, lost only in drunkenness, has killed him as a man: O'Neill's principal theme is man as a living corpse.

But in the crucial scene, when the girl, touched by the hero's soft revelation that he was aware she was a virgin, prepared to copulate with him and then suddenly recognized that his need was for loving without acting, what was demanded was a poetic heightening of imagery and a succinctness of thought more profound than was here presented. Again, O'Neill was gravelled by some fatal inborn failing.

Yet despite its faults, which at least are those of high endeavour, it was good solid drama full of effectively theatrical scenes to which the actors responded avidly. Mr. Colin Blakely seized on every nuance in the richly comic farmer to display his feckless joy in living, his love for his daughter, and his rascally amorality that permitted him any licence to please her. Miss Nancy Wickwire accomplished exceedingly well the virtually twin character of the vulgarian daughter and the saddened prospective spinster, gently accepting her unfulfilled future. The lover, Mr. John Meillon, was as good in his jesting as he was later in the curious moonlit love scene when

No Wreath for the General, with (left to right) Maurice Hedley as General Campbell, Edward Jewesbury as Ferguson, and Ewan Roberts as the Rev. Murdo Aitcheson

he told delicately of the despair that killed him.

Acting on a high intelligent plane has marked *No Wreath for the General*, and only in the fights which punctuated the final episode (October 24) was greater skill called for or much, much more rehearsal. Punches here were pulled in a way that verbal punches had never been in a script by Mr. Donald Wilson and his script associate, whatever that means, Miss Evelyn Frazer, which was always adult, sophisticated and amusing.

The Scottish locale of the action, plus the fast-moving yet always realistic plot and characters who, you felt, existed on a slightly romanticized level outside the confines of the serial, at first put me in mind of Buchan, but by the end the sharp, acid flavour was entirely twentieth century. Much credit must go to Mr. Julian Amyes's energetic production as well as to the actors, and especially to Miss Lana Morris who put up a particularly fine performance throughout in partnering Mr. William Franklyn. Others deserving mention were Messrs. Moray Watson, Ewan Roberts, and Maurice Hedley, and the civil servants of Mr. Patrick Cargill and Mr. James Villiers.

Inspissated gloom has been the key-note of the B.B.C.'s 'New Writing', a sort of visual signature dirge. Miss Elaine Morgan's new comedy *Looking for Garrow* (October 30) was, therefore, like a single ray of sunshine in this British summer festival. By contrast it quite sparkled, though in fact it was by no means first-class material. Its premise, that extra-marital fun were matters of indifference to cuckolded partners, was early Mr. Noel Coward material, but simple good-humour was no substitute for a much-needed brittle, cutting wit. *Looking for Garrow* demanded some edge to its tale of an American wife, long-separated from her husband, returning to England to prevent her daughter marrying a beatnik and to find a best-selling author. Meanwhile, she met her husband, now an impoverished peer, who had bopped the beatnik and was being sued.

Most attack came from the acting. As the peer, Mr. McDonald Hobley gave a gracefully forceful performance, showing him to be an assured and talented light comedian. Miss Margaret Johnston added some substance to several scenes, though she too often relied unsuccessfully on an imitation of Miss Kay Hammond's inimitable delayed-action type of almost inaudible delivery. Mr. Jack Smethurst touched in his young beatnik amusingly.

'Showtime' on Sundays provides, I'm sure, pleasure for millions, and in its straightforward way it brings to the screen a wide range of talent from Mr. Alfred Drake to Monsewer Eddie Gray. But nothing is done to weld it into a light entertainment with impact, with an unmistakable character of its own, as, for all its deceptive casualness, had 'The Perry Como Show'. The best 'Showtime' to date, I thought, was the first, when there was at least the unifying theme of London musicals.

ANTHONY COOKMAN, Jnr.

Nancy Wickwire as Josie Hogan and Colin Blakely as Phil Hogan in *A Moon for the Misbegotten*

Sound Broadcasting

DRAMA

Killers

THE DIVISION of Britain into two nations by the advance of cultural class-consciousness deplorably continues with approval from people who would be angry about other class distinctions. The death of the *News Chronicle*, which in its good days presumed that masses were made of minorities, is another tombstone on the road away from the concept of a unified culture. And the practice in broadcasting of supplying snippets of entertainment for the culturally poverty-stricken on one channel and a service designed for the culturally rich on another does broadcasting no good. This comes out clearly in the answers I get when asking people what radio plays they have heard. A young hitch-hiker told me he had liked some Ibsen and then defensively added 'It was on the Third, though I'm not pretending I'm educated'. Academic friends were sure that they never listened to radio plays at all, but it turned out that they didn't count Ibsen or Hamlet and presumed I must be talking about 'Mrs. Dale's Diary'—with which they betrayed fair familiarity.

The run of plays and near-plays aimed at the millions are forgettable by the degree to which they are tailored for popularity. The tension in *Low Voice in Rama*, by Bruce Stewart (Home Service, October 24), was somewhat mechanically increased by the court-room atmosphere and the slow unfolding of the mystery of so many deaths. It was hard to believe that any group of people faced by starvation would vote to elect a single survivor and keep to their bargain. But the silence of the survivor when rescued was credible enough, and the talk of carefully contrasted characters had patches of rough realism. I could not, nevertheless, make much sense of the religious instruction which the dying pressed on their chosen survivor. He had talked bitterly and his life was 'poisoned by hate' so they made him live to teach him a lesson. It was strong stuff but obscure, especially in passages where we were told that the truth was being revealed by pressure: 'It takes the desert to bring it to light'. More heat than light was generated.

Cross-examination with a possible execution at the end of it is a fair formula for holding the attention, and the extra ambiguities of spying add to the merriment. *Spy-Catcher* (Light, October 26) is a business-like series of stories with some documentary interest and there was a good twist in this instalment where the cunning cross-examiner almost condemned a resistance hero for being too sure of the superiority of his own intelligence.

The pathetic faith of judges that their courts are not places of entertainment is regularly disproved by *The Verdict of the Court* (Home, October 27) in which celebrated or teasing cases are faithfully reconstructed with an additional verdict on the legal niceties from Dudley Perkins. Mary Blandy seemed to me to have had bad luck in 1752, chiefly because nobody produced an expert witness to say whether a reasonable girl might have believed that a love

philtre could specifically influence her father towards approval of her lover.

A fresh line in murderous comedy arrived in *The Partnership,* by Pauline Macaulay (Home, October 29). The placid assumption of a couple of professional assassins that theirs was a normal business to be compared with that of ticket collectors and to be carried out in a reliable and efficient manner was attractively worked out. The dialogue between the bossy and sloppy partner before and after they unfortunately shoved the wrong old lady out of a railway carriage was as ramblingly commonplace as in any of those superior plays about tramps. Jon Rollason and John Dearth were cosy killers, a bit fretful with each other and apt to forget details of the job in the course of conversation—but that can happen in any occupation. *The Partnership* was exceptionally smooth and gay, and more plays by Miss Macaulay would be very welcome. Incidentally followers of the new vogue in English drama should note the publication of *One Way Pendulum* by N. F. Simpson (Faber, 10s. 6d.) a fine sample of the sane madness which the B.B.C. does so much to encourage.

More conventional headmaster-murder took half an hour in *End of Term,* by William Barrow (Light Programme, October 30). Chaps whose doctors give them a month to live, thus encouraging them to pay off old scores, plainly don't listen to radio plays. We who do know that the probability that the doctor has made a terrible mistake and that after all they may have to swing or commit suicide is high. The machine was nevertheless neat and well played.

FREDERICK LAWS

THE SPOKEN WORD

Battles and Arguments

NO UNBIASED HISTORIAN has ever questioned whether Trafalgar or Waterloo was a victory; but the real Alamein is quite another thing: at least, according to Mr. Correlli Barnett. Was the decisive battle fought in July 1942, or was it fought that October? There is the rub of his recent book *The Desert Generals*; and the dust of controversy was still clouding round it when, on the eighteenth anniversary of Montgomery's battle, Mr. Barnett was interviewed by Mr. Geoffrey Cox, an ex-Intelligence Officer from the Western Desert. 'The Real Battle of Alamein' (Home Service, October 23) was, frankly, a disappointing fifteen minutes. It is true that Mr. Barnett spoke of German superiority in a way that made one a little angry; but, as a whole, the discussion left one rather flat. It was not sufficiently passionate, indeed it was rather laboured, with Mr. Cox filling in obvious gaps in the conversation. The facts were interesting enough, but the broadcast was uninspired.

Alas, one has to say the same about 'White Mice to Dreadnought' (Home Service, October 25). This documentary on the submarine branch of the Royal Navy was eminently topical, and strongly backed by recordings of submariners recalling adventures throughout the Seven Seas. But good timing and authenticity are not enough by themselves to make a first-class broadcast; and we have heard so very many programmes just like this (the story of the attempt to blow up the Takao seemed only a straight version of the 'True Story' programme on February 15). I know that 'White Mice to Dreadnought' was an occasional piece that had to be produced; but now let's have a respite, just for a little, from these distressingly similar Service tales.

'The Way We Live Now' (Home, October 23) took us from naval to moral battles, and added another attractive exhibit to the Cutforth collection. Since I missed the original inquiry into tipping, I was glad to hear the augmented version; and though I had an uneasy feeling that forty-five minutes was too long for the programme, I thought Mr. Cutforth well up to his own high standard. He presented us with a lively impression of 'the land of the upturned palm', and, as usual, he led past a procession of highly individual characters: Kensington châtelaine, cab-driver, barman, irate Australian, bullied Canadian, and (*pièce de résistance*) a taxi-habituée—swathed, I am sure, in mink, and drawling enough to make Miss Kay Hammond desperate with envy. Is tipping a form of blackmail, or is it 'something that most right-thinking people like to do?' I am still undecided; but it is worth remembering that if you or I choose to be doormen at the right London hotel, we might find ourselves 'insulted' to the tune of £4,000 a year.

Talking of London, the Tuesday talk (Home, October 25) was an explosion of 'The Metropolitan Myth'. Derek Mirfin, who came here from Sheffield via Cambridge, gave his stainless-steel impression of the Big City. Was there room at the top? Was there civilized living? Was there still Society, or even 'an essential Londoninity?' Mr. Mirfin thought not: indeed, the only redeeming features of London were, to him, the oases of Hampstead, Chelsea, and (here I differ violently) Islington. Since I am a Londoner with a great affection for Lamb's 'old Jerusalem', I disagreed with much of Mr. Mirfin's argument. But I still thought his talk well constructed and well presented; and he really went to town on this satisfying broadcast.

I was not entirely satisfied by 'A Medieval Disputation on the Morality of Advertising' (Third Programme, October 26). This argument was conducted as a logical demonstration, complete with defender, objector, and moderator; it was no doubt gratifying to the medievalist, and it must have pleased logicians. For the rest of us, it was curious to hear such a topical subject treated in so foreign a manner, by voices that seemed distinctly other-world. But that was really all, I think, that could be said about it: to most of us it was a distinct (and a rather cumbrous) period-piece.

The final period-piece this week was Elizabethan: 'The School of Night' (Third, October 26). But though Mr. Craig must have written a mountain of radio scripts by now, though Mr. Douglas Cleverdon produced, though Mr. Neville gave a fine interpretation of Sir Walter, this dramatic reconstruction of Ralegh's *pléiade* somehow failed to move us. Is it that the literary-cum-historical cocktail party has been thrown once too often? Is it a dated gimmick, worn with use? Is it that one mistrusts the radio reconstruction, just as one mistrusts the historical novel? A good many facts came over this time, the pieces were nicely dovetailed, and the production was smooth as smooth could be. But 'The School of Night' still failed to convert me to a *genre* I find rather Baroness Orczy and unsatisfactory.

JOANNA RICHARDSON

MUSIC

Mixtures

THE SPECIAL CONCERT broadcast on United Nations Day (Third Programme, October 24) from Geneva, Paris, and New York was not particularly inspiring from a purely musical point of view, but, as was only right and proper, it was definitely international in character. From Geneva, we heard the Orchestre de la Suisse Romande, under Ansermet, playing Bach; from Paris, the Japanese Radio Orchestra, under Kletzki, playing Roussel; and from New York the Philadelphia Symphony Orchestra, under Ormandy, playing Beethoven's Ninth, with the choir of Temple University. If nation could speak unto nation in politics as easily as in the arts, the world no doubt would be a better place.

The 'Thursday Invitation Concert' (Third, October 27) was a strange hotch-potch of Stravinsky, Bach, Vaughan Williams, Benjamin Britten, and Charles Ives—a piece of programme building so capricious as to suggest that the names had been drawn blindfold out of a hat and then passed to someone with instructions to concoct a programme requiring a harpsichord, a string quartet, and a choir. And so we had Stravinsky's early, and not very satisfactory, *Concertino* played by the Amici String Quartet; Bach's *English Suite* in A minor played by George Malcolm; and three choral works—the *Mass* in G minor by Vaughan Williams, a charming little *Chorale after an old French carol* by Britten, and a setting by Charles Ives of *Psalm 67*. This proved to be an effective piece of choral writing, very advanced for its date (1898); but the B.B.C. Chorus, conducted by Graham Treacher, did not seem quite at home with the somewhat unfamiliar idiom.

The name of Charles Ives has been frequently cropping up in recent broadcasts, and I had something to say about him only three weeks ago (see THE LISTENER, October 13). Last week he appeared twice—at the Invitation Concert, and again on Saturday (Third, October 29) when the B.B.C. Symphony Orchestra, conducted by Bruno Maderna, played four remarkable pieces from his pen. The first of these, *Tone Road No. 1* (no connexion with 'tone rows', although it happens to be atonal) sounded very contemporary; the second, *The Unanswered Question,* in which a trumpet solo is interpolated into an otherwise quietly meditative scheme of things, contains some extraordinary music, creating a strangely hallucinatory atmosphere; the third piece, *Over the pavements,* with an important part for piano and some very lively percussion, bristles with dissonances and has an enigmatic ending; while the fourth piece, *Tone Road No. 3,* in which a chime of bells is used with great effect, could only have been conceived by a most original and completely uninhibited musical mind. Music of this kind makes Boulez sound old-fashioned. This 1960 homage to Charles Ives, though somewhat belated, has been well worth while, if only as a reminder that not all the pioneer work in modern music has been done on this side of the Atlantic. What about a Henry Cowell festival next? It would be interesting to hear again some of his experimental works introducing the famous 'tone-cluster' which shocked conservative ears in the nineteen-twenties.

The second part of this broadcast, after Maderna had conducted a most sensitive performance of Webern's *Six Pieces,* Op. 6. was devoted to a work that is seldom heard in the concert hall and almost never on the stage, for which it was intended—*Lélio* by Berlioz. For this the B.B.C. Symphony Orchestra was joined by the B.B.C. Chorus, two soloists, Alexander Young (tenor) and Pierre Mollet (baritone) and a narrator, Pierre le Sève. *Lélio,* or *The Return to Life,* is a kind of sequel to the *Symphonie Fantastique,* being the second and vocal part of what Berlioz called an 'Episode in an Artist's Life'. This second part, indeed, was intended to be performed together with the Symphony at one concert, and was designed to provide an effective contrast to the purely instrumental part with its dramatic tension and macabre ending. To describe the novel form of this work, Berlioz borrowed the term 'melologue' from the Irish composer Thomas Moore, (who had written a *Melologue upon National music* consisting of verses interspersed with music), as

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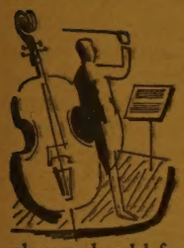
Lélio was conceived on very much the same lines, namely as a prose scenario to be spoken by an actor, each of whose soliloquies would introduce an appropriate piece of music.

The result is not very satisfactory, especially to modern ears, owing largely no doubt to the exacerbated romanticism of the language (it was broadcast in the original French) which makes the whole work sound slightly ridiculous, in spite of some eloquent and stirring moments in the music—none of which, incidentally, was new when *Lélio* was first performed in 1832. For the score consists of extracts from past works which Berlioz had revised or adapted for the occasion, including the *Ballad* on Goethe's *Fisherman* and the *Tempest* Fantasia. '*Que Shakespeare me protège*', exclaims the Artist at one point, after having denounced the sins of those critics who dare condemn or rearrange masterpieces; and when at the end he sighs: '*Assez pour aujourd'hui je suis souffrant—laissez-moi seul*', the listener, too, may be excused for feeling he has had enough.

ROLLO H. MYERS

Fricker and the English Symphony



By PETER EVANS

The first performance of Fricker's Third Symphony will be broadcast at 9.20 p.m. on Tuesday, November 8 (Third)

IT WAS INEVITABLE that the full-scale orchestral symphony should for some time remain inappropriate to the purposes of those composers who contributed most to the evolution of our century's musical syntax, for their reassessment of tonality and texture naturally led to structural conclusions not immediately reconcilable with traditional symphonic method. During the years when Stravinsky and Schönberg were pursuing apparently ever more divergent paths, one juxtaposing non-progressive segments in a new diatonic ordering that severed classical obligations and the other weaving from a single thread textures that revealed a new plane of chromatic relationships, the cultivation of the symphony passed to peripheral schools.

A Richly Productive Compromise

It is an interesting reflection on these schools how avidly each sought to celebrate its liberation from a century overawed by the Austro-German musical succession in the very form which typified that line: from Borodin and Dvořák through Sibelius and Nielsen the phenomenon extends to the present Soviet, American, and English symphonists. Despite all tha has been written of the incompatibility of regionally coloured material and symphonic method, this compromise was richly productive, yet it could only be short-lived, for it depended on the exploration of no more than idiomatic variants of a language that had already reached a crucial stage of its development. So long as the new vocabulary struggled to put in order its syntax, composers could find some justification for their adherence to more familiar means of communication.

In England this postponement of the crisis was indeed necessary, if only to repair the ravages of two centuries' complacent mediocrity and to create a climate of technical competence; from this point of view the achievement of Vaughan Williams is a bonus we may too easily take for granted, while Holst's work seems too early and too anxious an attempt to affect the eventual rapprochement. Though Vaughan Williams momentarily revealed (in the Fourth Symphony) a route that might have led him, through empirical scales and semitonal dissonance, to an almost Bartókian contribution to the new music, a later English generation was reluctant to venture so far. The symphony, still a dominating medium, encouraged a retrospective view: Walton had begun to rue his brief sortie into European music by the time of his First Symphony, while Rubbra emphasized by the resurrection of an older polyphonic ideal the cloistered retreat in which he created his individual textures. Neither Tippett nor Rawsthorne turned so soon to the symphony, but in their work appeared some early signs of an understanding acquaintance with the vast resources of continental developments, and Britten demonstrated in the *Sinfonia da Requiem* his unique ability to profit from contemporary example without sacrificing a wholly personal lucidity.

This was the scene on to which a new generation of English composers emerged at the end of the war. That breaking down of barriers was naturally reflected in an eagerness to come to terms with the new music; that some of it was in fact some three or four decades old meant that these composers enjoyed a perspective denied to the pioneers. It must have appeared vertiginous, and some of them deliberately restricted their view at first. Almost all retained a link with recent English habit in essaying symphonic form: in the few years around 1950 appeared the first symphonies of Fricker, Hamilton, Arnold, Gardner, and Simpson. By this time, however, the first great phase of European musical experiment was achieved (even if its disparate results suggested the desirability of an eventual synthesis), and Stravinsky himself, living in an American environment dominated musically by the symphony orchestra, could apply the perfected technique of his late-middle manner to the form. Similarly the Schönberg of the Violin Concerto and the Fourth Quartet had evolved structural principles (broader than those immediately implicit in his textural methods) that could well have supported the full orchestral symphony, and Humphrey Searle, although a Webern pupil, echoes Schönberg's ardent thematicism in his First Symphony. The other English symphonists were less committed in their allegiances, while some were intrepid enough to attempt a synthesis.

Impressive Examples of Synthesis

Fricker's first two symphonies (1949 and 1951) are impressive examples of this process. Though Seiber's teaching had developed a melodic technique stemming from Bartók (fundamentally scalic but with the selection of scalic arrangement an important artistic decision at every point), it is in his fondness for introverted chromatic changing-note formulas that Fricker most strongly recalls Bartók. His tight canons are less claustrophobic than Bartók's, and, particularly in the First Symphony, jostle with counterpoint that has stronger ties with Hindemith's airy geniality (and excessively metrical ordering). Fricker's harmony rarely makes explicit the final stages which link it to a more consonant norm, yet there is a sense of orderly progression that also owes something to Hindemith; the bass descent to the tonic D in the last twenty bars of the first movement of the Second Symphony is an unusually simple example. Stravinsky is the parent of the brusque juxtapositions in the First Symphony's *Tableau and Danse* and of the diatonicism of its *Danzato* section. In such pointedly tonal structures the mere appearance of all twelve notes in succession (in Symphony No. 1—a typically scalic arrangement) disturbs no Schönbergian echoes. A far more telling pointer to Schönberg is the preoccupation with the potentialities of a basic thematic shape and with appropriate forms; the three rondos of the Second Symphony thus foreshadow much of Fricker's later development. As almost ten years have elapsed since that work, it may be profitable to summarize this development as a prelude to the new symphony.

A Characteristic Adaptation

His characteristic adaptation of Schönbergian method to his own ends begins with the *Concertante* for cor anglais written between the two early symphonies, an almost didactic demonstration of the unity of musical space, of line and chord. A subtler unity is achieved in the *Rapsodia concertante* (1954) for violin; the technique which conflates its rondo refrain into two- and three-part chords is extended in the organ *Choral*, all four lines of which are finally stated simultaneously, plus a plagal Amen. The mechanics of such procedures are far less noteworthy than the formal argument in which they become inevitable and the harmonic homogeneity to which they give rise. Yet there is also a sense of movement across the chords, and, whatever the serial principle at work, planned convergences on tonal centres. Indeed, Fricker's harmonic range has increased not only towards complexity but in the other direction: the Second Quartet finds convincing routes to limpid triads. In *The Vision of Judgment*, Fricker's most splendid attempt to compass a wide range of specific moods, the harmonic language assimilates without incongruity a final near-diatonicism of Stravinskyan amplitude. This work also reveals a new orchestral panache, but perhaps more significant are the refined chamber textures of the *Rapsodia*; the delicate changes of colour are refreshing after the somewhat parched sound of the symphonies, and we learn that the new symphony uses quite modest forces.

Perhaps the only other English composer with Fricker's command of so diverse yet synthesized a technique was his teacher. Seiber had widened this in the late Violin Sonata to embrace features of Webern's disjunct textures, and it will be interesting to observe Fricker's response to the provocative concepts which now typify the European scene. (They might compel a revitalized feeling for rhythm, his least inventive facet.) For the moment however, if the new symphony does no more than worthily sum up his development of a distinctive idiom, it should prove an important addition to the English repertoire and a respectable heir to wider traditions.

The Soviet Theory of Revolution

(concluded from page 771)

for women, students, peasants, and national minorities. The Soviet Union stepped in and promised generous help to the young republic. A loan was granted to the amount of £50,000,000 sterling, and the Soviet Government committed itself to finance as many as seventeen important industrial construction projects and to supply technical know-how and equipment for them. In addition Soviet military aid of unspecified dimensions was given. No doubt the Soviet Government and the international communist movement looked upon Prime Minister Abdul Karem Kassem as a kind of Iraqi Kerensky, namely, as the country's last non-communist Prime Minister before the communist take-over. At first the communists tried to play off Prime Minister Kassem against President Nasser. But now they no longer think that from their point of view there is much to choose between the two Arab leaders.

The French communist monthly *Horizons* (September 1960) has recently drawn the lessons of Iraq's internal developments during the last two years, and these lessons are rather depressing for the communists. The official Communist Party which calls itself the People's Unity Party has not been recognized by the government. A fellow-travelling Republican Party has likewise been refused official recognition. Various so-called 'progressive' periodicals were prohibited. Dozens of communist trade-union officials were put into prison. The premises of the Iraqi communist youth organization have been closed by order of the authorities. Some of the left-wing members of Kassem's government, such as Ibraham Kobba, the Minister of National Economy, who concluded the trade pact with Russia, and the Ministers of Public Health and Education, Madame Dalimi and General Mohieddin Abdul Hammed respectively, have been dismissed.

This development away from communism, about which the communists complain, has not been stopped either by Mikoyan's visit to Iraq last April or by an increase of the original Soviet loan (by about one third) which was announced in May. On the contrary, some days ago the communist newspaper *Ittihad al-Shaab* was banned for a period of ten months. So at least up to now Soviet economic aid has been unable to transform the Iraqi national revolution into a socialist one.

Moscow has not been discouraged by all these setbacks which communist intrigues have suffered. It shows every sign of wishing to continue its manoeuvres in various Afro-Asian and Latin-American countries where local conditions appear to be favourable. Some of these countries will no doubt accept Soviet aid and at the same time take every precaution to keep the communist menace in check. This fascinating economic and diplomatic offensive which Moscow is conducting in the uncommitted countries is being closely watched in Peking. There Soviet aid to non-communist regimes is viewed with mixed feelings and even with scepticism, for the Chinese have a totally different concept of socialist revolution from that of the Russians. They put the primary emphasis on violent mass action and not on peaceful development towards socialism which can be encouraged by the supply of equipment, the granting of loans, and the dispatch of technical experts to underdeveloped countries. The Chinese seem to think that the granting of economic aid, far from accelerating the revolution, might even delay it, since it consolidates nationalistic regimes which otherwise might be swept away by revolutionary and communist forces.

This Chinese thesis seems realistic for, so far, world communism has received small dividends from the economic assistance which Russia has granted or promised to Afro-Asian and Latin-American states. This does not mean, of course, that dealings with Russia, even on the economic level, are entirely free from risks and dangers.

—*European Services*

Bridge Forum

Answers to Listeners' Questions—III

By HAROLD FRANKLIN and TERENCE REESE

In the present series on Network Three, bridge questions submitted by listeners are answered by a panel. Throughout the series Harold Franklin and Terence Reese will answer in this column some of the questions not included in the radio programmes

Question 1 (from Mrs. R. Base of Leigh-on-Sea):

'Playing Acol, how should this hand be opened as dealer:

♠ K
♥ K 9 8 6 4
♦ A K Q 6 5 3
♣ Q

'My partner argues that if he opens a diamond and then calls hearts he is doing a reverse which should show a very strong hand'.

Answer: The Acol system has a strong Two bid suggestive of eight playing tricks on a one-suited hand. On two-suited hands playing tricks cannot be estimated in quite the same way because so much depends on the fit.

You might say that this hand was worth eight tricks but it is not, in the words of the book, a 'hand of power and quality'. One Diamond, to be followed by Two Hearts, is quite enough. This sequence, in which a higher valued suit is bid at the range of Two on the second round, is called a reverse and promises at any rate a very fair hand. That proceeds from the logic of the situation, for if partner wants to give preference to the first suit he must go to the level of Three, possibly on quite a weak hand.

Question 2 (from Mrs. W. H. Jessop of Cheltenham):

'My partner and I held the following hands:

WEST	EAST
♠ 5	♠ 10 9 7 4 2
♥ A K Q 6 3	♥ 5 2
♦ A Q J 6 5 2	♦ 7
♣ 4	♣ Q 10 6 5 2

'Partner opened Two Diamonds and I made the weakness response of Two No-trumps. Partner bid Three Hearts and I passed. We were one down and looking at the score slip (this was a pairs contest) I found that some pairs had made a part score in hearts or diamonds. Does my partner's hand qualify for an Acol Two bid or is it better to open One?'

Answer: By a coincidence, this problem touches on the same question as the one before. Let it be said first that to stop in Three Hearts is good—better than most systems could do. Whether West should open Two Hearts or Two Diamonds or simply One Diamond, with the intention of jumping to Three Hearts on the next round, is close. None of those bids would be wrong. One Diamond turns out well here because East cannot respond.

The real purpose of an Acol Two bid is to save the player from having to make a difficult bid on the second round. Applying that test, one must say that One Diamond is a perfectly adequate opening.

Question 3 (from Mrs. C. R. Anderson of Saxmundham):

'Would you say that men were necessarily better players than women, and if so, why?'

Answer: This is a question that we have debated more than once over the air. One must begin by saying that as a matter of fact and observation, if one were to take the best fifty players in the country about forty-five of them would be men. On the other hand, if one were to analyse the composition of the average club one would very likely find that the women were as good as the men.

Of those who are especially gifted, the majority are not English born. Much the same situation exists in chess. It is not easy to state any precise reason, though one might observe that when women are especially gifted intellectually the odds are that they will follow a career that will leave them little time to become bridge experts.

How To Care for Budgerigars

By W. J. BOURNE

PET BIRDS need their claws trimmed regularly. To do this, hold the claw up to the light, to see the red vein, and then snip off the excess with a good pair of nail scissors or clippers. If the nail is cut too short, profuse bleeding will occur.

Another ailment is body lice, and these can make a bird's life unbearable. Buy one of the dusting powders especially made for cage birds—but one warning here: do not buy any that contain more than 5 per cent. of D.D.T. as these can be harmful. Handle the bird gently but firmly, and sprinkle the powder liberally all over him: rub it in between the feathers, under the wings, round the neck and between the thighs. Put the bird back into his cage and let him shake the powder out. Repeat the whole process after a lapse of seven days.

There is another blood-sucking creature that torments birds, the red mite. The mites reside in the cracks and crannies of the cage, at the ends of the perches, and so on, and during the night will sally forth to pester the bird. Put the bird into a clean cage, or a box, temporarily, and scald out the contaminated cage and fittings. Paraffin will kill these pests, and it is a good thing to keep the ends of the perches smeared with paraffin. Repeat after about seven days.

Stomach trouble in budgerigars is often due to the use of incorrect grit. Try the special packaged grit for 'budgies' which contains only sea-washed, rounded grit and not the sharp type so loved by canaries and other varieties. Those sanded sheets for cages which are so easy to change can cause a lot of tummy trouble if the bird eats them.

Injuries to cage birds, such as broken legs and wings, are best left to be dealt with by your local veterinary surgeon. For open wounds, when birds are rescued from cats, etc., I use one of the proprietary brands of ointments which is non-poisonous.

Budgerigars suffer from a complaint called scaly face, which can be distressing, as it spreads from the beak forming a white, powdery-looking swelling, lifting the feathers round the beak and reaching back to the eyes. This can also occur on the feet and legs and round the vent. Treatment is easy: *medicinal* paraffin applied liberally on the affected parts with a small brush will cure this after two applications a few days apart.

Overgrown beak is another trouble affecting a few pet birds. Treatment is by trimming back the excess beak to approximately its correct length. It will be necessary to cut it back every three weeks or so, according to the growth. It is a good idea to supply cuttle shell for the birds to peck as this helps to keep their beaks in good trim.

During time of moult it is good to give the birds a tonic in their water, and for this I suggest either a proprietary chemical food added until the drinking water resembles the colour of port wine, or compound syrup of hypophosphate, a few drops to a drinker of water.

If a bird has been exposed to a draught he can contract a cold or chill. The best treatment is to cover the back and sides of his cage with a cloth and place it in a warm position. Buy from the chemist a bottle of cough mixture and put a few drops in his water. Some birds have a tendency to asthma. I have cured some cases with the use of six drops of iodine in the drinking water, continuing this for seven to eight days. But usually there is no cure, and if the bird suffers too badly it is best to have him destroyed by a veterinary surgeon.

—*'Woman's Hour'* (*Light Programme*)

Notes on Contributors

DOROTHY PICKLES (*page 769*): formerly Lecturer in French at the London School of Economics; author of *The Fifth French Republic*, etc.

WALTER KOLARZ (*page 771*): in charge of Central Research Unit, European Services, B.B.C.; author of *How Russia is Ruled*, etc.

SIR JOHN BENN, Bart. (*page 775*): Chairman and Managing Director, U.K. Provident Institution; author of *Something in the City*, etc.

MAURICE SHOCK (*page 777*): Lecturer in Politics, Oxford University

NAOMI LEWIS (*page 779*): writer and critic; author of *A Visit to Mrs. Wilcox*, etc.

EDWARD WARD (*page 786*): journalist; former B.B.C. war correspondent; author of *Chinese Crackers, The New El Dorado: Venezuela, Oil is Where they Find it*, etc.

J. E. TREHERNE (*page 788*): member of the unit of insect physiology, Department of Zoology, Cambridge University

R. M. OGILVIE (*page 792*): Lecturer in Classics, Oxford University

PETER EVANS (*page 813*): Fellow of the Royal College of Organists; Lecturer in Music, Durham University

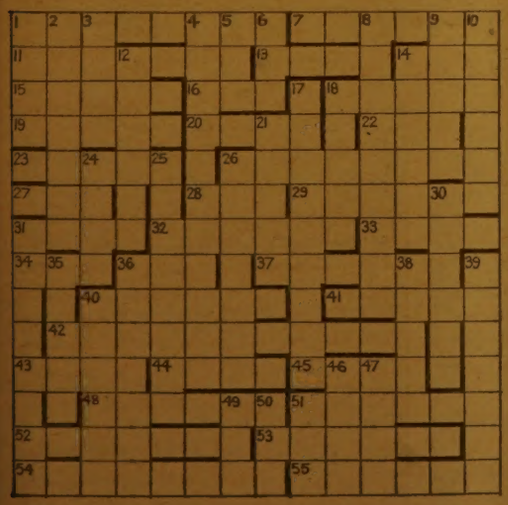
Crossword No. 1,588. International Literary Festival. By Andreas

Prizes (for the first three correct solutions opened): book tokens, value 30s., 21s., and 12s. 6d. respectively

Closing date: first post on Thursday, November 10. Entries should be on the printed diagram and envelopes containing them should be addressed to the Editor of THE LISTENER, 35 Marylebone High Street, London, W.1, marked 'Crossword' in the left-hand top corner. In all matters connected with the crossword the Editor's decision is final.

The sixteen unclued lights are to be filled by eight literary characters and their creators. Solvers may wish to know that the following were present at the festival: Pierre O'Malanogh, Henri O'Hagun, Nigel Z. Parroller, Pierre Chenda, Theodore O'Teagh, Colin Peter Le Couley, Carol T. Gobiaz and Charles Twinnle Ellis.

Solvers should make their own deductions from this but accents should be ignored. Other clues are normal.



NAME.....

ADDRESS.....

CLUES

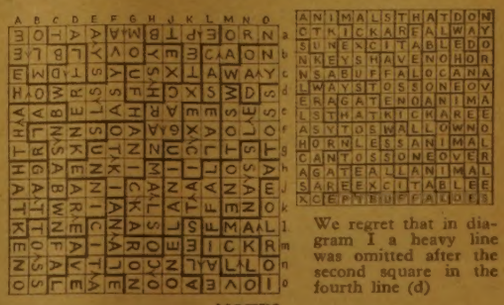
ACROSS

11. Suddenly accepted in United Nations springtime (7)
13. Twist a villain and you will get discount (4)
14. This was responsible for the dew that made the weaver start rescue operations (3)
15. Another 19 and there will be a shekel (5)
16. Is my Cartesian outlook responsible for this doctrine? (3)
18. Though once a magistrate he now looks after the canons (5)
19. Smelling as if Christmas will somehow come before the middle of the century (5)
20. Look for game (4)
22. This has never been very old (3)
23. After a fold is seen a kind of calico printing (5)
26. What you get when Greek meets Greek (8)
27. Cool warning even when not absent (3)
28. Originally part of a bird and still a bird (3)
29. Airborne return for the officer in charge may well produce such a shout (6)
31. The hidden king is in the study (4)
32. Strengthen a horrific forest (6)
34. Charm in a literally doubtful book (3)
36. Hamlet in Russia just avoids the mud (3)
37R. Presumably he taught the morse code to a joiner (6)
41. Fast or half slow (5)
43. Probe a tapestry frame for shelter (4)
44. Fine caused by an untamed hawk on horseback (4)
45. Titled lady who was after Pip (4)
52. Most of Siam in a giant periodical (7)
53. Included in the psychiatric treatment for physicians (6)
54. Stopped and saw the return with the Teddy boy (8)

DOWN

2. A Scottish string dagger (7)
3. Sun god about early (4)
5. Loves? (3)
6. Took back the servant (3)
9. Stare—like a bull? (5)
10. Departure for a tailless little bird by ship (6)
12. Vehemently with a wild company (6)
14. He is engaged in face massage (6)
18. Down on the gateway by the sound of it (5)
21. Looks after the pennies—there are not very many (5)
24. Fairy court with no style (4)
30. Knock out with a weak rope and the prostrate result (6)
35. Enclose the knave of trumps in the boudoir (5)
36. How badly the French draw out sugar (7)
38. Half-yearly stipend of a foreign coin and a threepenny bit (5)
40. Breakfast dish for a noisy person (6)
46. A moment before the English leave by aeroplane (4)
47. Mark off the pond with a war-club (4)
49. No return to England? Then it will have to be a single (3)
50. Mood—almost seasonable (3)
51. Doctor about a breach (3)

Solution of No. 1,586



We regret that in diagram I a heavy line was omitted after the second square in the fourth line (d)

NOTES

The sorites appears in Lewis Carroll's *Symbolic Logic*. The conclusion is: Donkeys are not easy to swallow.

1st prize: W. Oldham (London, N.W.4); 2nd prize: R. W. Purnell (Canterbury); 3rd prize: E. T. Moore (Cambridge)

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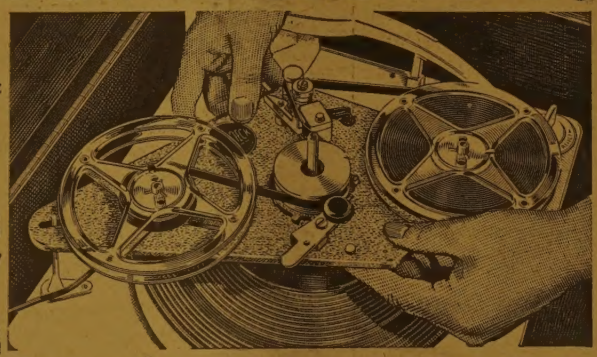

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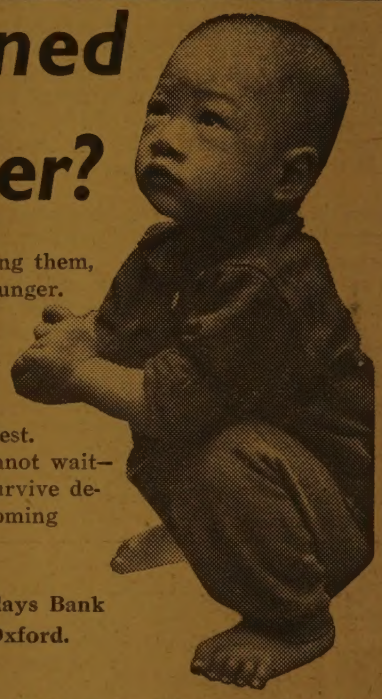
Condemned to Hunger?



For many people, refugees among them, today will be another day of hunger. (The children "are reduced to eating roots of grass" reports an Algerian relief worker).

Hunger hits the young hardest. Those who are barely alive cannot wait—for them the very chance to survive depends on help from overseas coming quickly.

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